

# THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

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## I.

### LORD BROUGHAM.\*

IT was well said, by a contemporary journal, in a paper we think far too depreciating in its tone, "that probably the "hugest human phenomenon of our century has passed away in "the death of Lord Brougham;" and this is doubtless true, although he lived so long, that, to the present generation, his name and achievements read rather like legends of another time than the actual performances of the present. The newspapers were richly lavish of their columns, and in the dedication of papers to his memory, which have no doubt been written, in most instances, many years, and have been preserved in their pigeon-holes, waiting for the moment which should announce the death of him who at the beginning of this century comprehended within himself many fountains of highest fame, and was perhaps the most talked of and marked man in the public life of his time. But perhaps the reader who refers to the old file of newspapers will find, in the leaders written upon the singular occasion of his reported death, about the year 1838, how much more he was then regarded as the man and spirit of the time; especially we remember the leader in the *Times* of that date was a piece of eloquent eulogy, to which the more recent will bear no relation for nervousness and force; and we ourselves well remember the

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\* 1. *The Life and Career of Henry, Lord Brougham. With Extracts from his Speeches, and Notices of his Contemporaries. By John McGilchrist.* Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

2. *Opinions of Lord Brougham.* 1841.

large sympathy in those regrets expressed, as it beheld, however, in illusion,

“The extravagant erring spirit hie to its confine.”

It was a strange and heartless hoax, never, we believe, very distinctly cleared up; it added another element to the extraordinary in the life of this extraordinary man, and gave the rare opportunity to him of reading and knowing exactly what political foes and friends thought about him, and were prepared to say on his departure. It is a remarkable circumstance now, that, among the various papers his actual death has called forth, we do not remember to have seen any reference to this certainly singular circumstance of his life, the reported accident in which the ex-chancellor was killed among the mountains of Cumberland. It is a matter of some wonder as to what pen will be engaged upon the life of Brougham. We trust it will be no piece of mere hack-work; it may well tax a mind furnished by many resources, and of various aptitudes and powers of appreciation; while the length of the illustrious life, and its amazing agility and almost superhuman activity in so many departments, and in initiating and leading on great events and movements which have now settled into matters of history, or into the institutions of the country, will give to his life something of the character of the story of two epochs,—that epoch of our history when he arose; the epoch of war, slavery, national ignorance, and legal brutality, when capital punishment was the cheerful order of the day, and men and women were strung up on the gallows by the score at a time, for offences which could scarcely be dignified to the rank of crimes; the day, to use his own expression, “before the schoolmaster was abroad;” the day when the nation was crushed beneath the weight and the huge coil of taxation, when there was no cheap press, and the ample page of knowledge was hidden from the eyes of the poor, and the slave trade in the name of England waved its black flag unintimidated over distant lands and seas; when the people at home were barred from all political power, and English statesmanship and representation were held in the pockets of a few rival governing families; when the country was, at rapid intervals, roused by the intelligence of riots, and when, to supply the waste of armies abroad, the press-gang pursued its cruel and diabolical career at home. The times have changed, and although we are perhaps disposed to think that what we call public opinion has effected the renovation, it ought not to be forgotten that Henry Brougham was perhaps the most considerable element in disseminating that light; his vehement

force acting in so many directions, most largely contributed to the inauguration of that new epoch, with all its sins and shortcomings, so gloriously unlike that to which we have referred. We do not remember that any plausible representation of circumstance even betrayed him into the vindication of an abuse. Looking through his speeches and opinions, there is a marvellous harmony and consistency, and they are always found on that side where wrong and evil are denounced ; where intelligence is invoked, to aid in the scattering abroad by every means the seeds of knowledge ; to oppose oppression ; to rectify cruelties, inequalities, or involutions of legal administration ; to lighten the taxation of the people ; to secure for them a wiser and wider representation. We have been surprised at the slight and few expressions of gratitude his death has elicited, how few acknowledgments have been made of what we owe to him. We are the children of light ; our newspapers are abundant, taxes are removed from knowledge,—almost the very poorest man may have a school, and a newspaper, and a library. This has come about somehow ; it has been effected by public opinion. We do not like to forget the men who have made the tools, by which the great changes have been effected. We cannot ascribe the discovery of the printing press, or of America, or the application of steam, to that huge intangible extraction, public opinion. The honesty, earnestness, and intrepidity of Brougham made him a difficult man to work with ; he was marvellously individual ; he had few, perhaps none, of the accommodating ways of a successful statesman ; his whole life—public and political included—had in it much of the apostolic. He could state and declare, denounce and describe ; but this is a character which seldom goes with a power to manipulate and flatter, and fit in men to their different places in the great routine work of carrying out and giving efficiency to that which is known and felt to be right and desirable ; so it happened that he fell very much out of the ranks of party, and, although a peer, he may be said to have died very poor, and we suppose a third-rate novelist would look almost with contempt upon the income, if we exclude that pension which he received as ex-chancellor, and which he obtained only by the renunciation of his splendid income as a barrister before his elevation to the woolsack. Brougham furnishes another instance to the many which have gone before, illustrating that the great benefactor of mankind gains little beyond sublime self-satisfaction ; and singers, and dancers, and novelists,—those who can amuse and tickle the taste and the ear,—receive what the world would call the solid and valuable rewards. We merely state this in no



cynical spirit ; a Brougham or Faraday would not wish to be other than so.

It is no part of our intention even to recapitulate the chief incidents of this long and mighty life ; it would be quite impossible ; and the reading world will, no doubt, be called upon ere long to look at it very distinctly again. The work of this poor little brief paper is fulfilled when a few sentences of admiration are uttered, and when our readers are reminded how a man may live so long, with even the very principles for which he battled through clouds of misunderstanding and obloquy, and vehement tempests of abuse and scorn, become in-wrought with the very texture of the times, the manners of the country. Things which all see now, which even astute conservatives would not only regard as settled facts, but as religious and sacred rights, were those which, in order to obtain, Brougham and his great confederates spent immense energies, denying themselves of rest, and sleep, and recreation, in order to win. Some men seem born with certain instincts, which prevent them from going in on the paying side ; they labour, and others enter into their labours ; they sow the seed, and others reap the golden harvest, and perhaps affect to look with some contempt upon the honest farmer who cleared the brushwood, drained the swamps, and tilled the soil, because he does not continue still to care for that particular spot upon which his clever successor has reaped so preciously and plentifully.

Brougham was born in Edinburgh in 1779. He was the representative of one of the most ancient families of Cumberland and Westmoreland ; he was proud of the fact that his mother was a niece of Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian. His earliest years were as remarkable as his more mature for his avidity in the pursuit of knowledge, and the originality with which he turned such knowledge to account. So early as sixteen years of age he prepared a paper, containing a series of optical experiments and researches, which was thought worthy of publication in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society ; the next year, another paper was published in the same *Transactions*, developing certain principles in geometry, which excited so much interest in the scientific world, that the vanity of the author was gratified by a reply from Professor Preveorst, of Geneva, who must have been surprised to find that he was engaging himself in controversy with one who had scarcely entered upon the years of youth. Such circumstances illustrate the amazing precocity of his character, while it has further to be said and seen that his precocity was not followed, as is usually the case, by that fatal check and stunted



growth which has been remarked in so many whose early career has been remarkable and distinguished. In Edinburgh, as is well known, he became one of a brilliant cluster of minds—Francis Horner, Mr. Jeffery, and Sidney Smith; and to them we owe the *Edinburgh Review*, to which, from its establishment in the year 1802, he became one of the most constant and chief contributors; and it may be mentioned in passing, that from his pen, we believe, emanated the severe critique on Lord Byron's *Hours of Idleness*, which was rewarded by the satire of the indignant poet, in the publication of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. By travel on the Continent, by the publication, in 1803, of one of his largest works—*An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers*—he was drawing the eyes of men towards himself. He had already attained a reputation for large knowledge, searching sarcasm, withering irony, for close argument, and for voluminous and marvellously effective speech, so that, when he was called to the Scotch bar, he instantly rose to a reputation astonishing when contrasted with his youth and the shortness of his career. But the Scotch bar furnished too contracted a field for his powers, and in 1807 he was called to the English bar, and to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. Shortly after, he became a member of the House of Commons, owing his first seat, for Camelford, to that very pocket influence which he so soon denounced, and laboured with such strenuous energy to destroy. He had scarcely taken his seat before he moved an address to the king, beseeching his Majesty to take such steps as would put an effectual end to the traffic in slaves. Reviewing the work he did in those first years of his public life, it is impossible not to be struck by the indications of the strong and earnest reformer. His speech in 1811, on flogging in the army, seems to have produced a great impression at that time, and still more his defence in a legal cause of the Messrs. Hunt, the conductors of the *Examiner* newspaper, for an alleged libel, in which they reflected severely upon this odious practice. These are indications at the commencement of his public career of that great humane spirit which soon moved out through so many congenial fields of philanthropic enterprise and labour. The law of libel, the abuse of public charities, the denunciation of the infamous administration of Lord Castlereagh,—such were some of the subjects to which he devoted his attention, which, in any extended life, will receive copious consideration, which made him a marked man in the interests of liberal ideas, which tended to win for him the hatred of the court, and especially of the Prince Regent, and which, when the great and famous, or infamous,

trial took place on the elevation of the prince to the throne, between himself and the queen, pointed to Brougham as her natural defender against the cruelty and unscrupulousness of her husband; with that great trial Brougham's name will always be, not only prominently, but chiefly, associated. The popularity of the queen, no doubt, arose chiefly from the fact, whatever might be her personal merits or demerits, that the nation cordially hated the king; and Brougham's fearful invective and truly terrible irony upon the monarch can only be accounted for in the feeling that he as thoroughly and heartily hated the sovereign. Nor can it be a matter for surprise, as we refer to some of the compliments Brougham paid to his Majesty, which had indeed been prefaced before the trial by other similar allusions, both at the bar and in the House, that George IV. is said to have hated Brougham to his dying day. In fact, when the atrocious character of George IV. is remembered, when the reader reviews the obscene and debasing details and suggestions dragged by the lawyers of the court before the country upon the trial, it is to be remembered that Brougham was regarded as even something more than the vindicator of domestic rights: he was the bold censor of flagrant immorality in the highest place in the realm, and the vindicator of public morality as the shield of the nation. His speech was like his cross-examination of the witnesses, not only most adroit and admirably successful, but, through the long succeeding hours during which he held the attention of his illustrious audience, he illustrated his mastery over every kind of eloquence; and his lengthened descriptions and dissections of the character of manifestly perjured witnesses enlivened the drier details of the trial, like the pages introduced from the charming works of a novelist or dramatist, soon to be followed by those crushing folds and coils of terrible and withering speech, in the power to use which he seems to have excelled all orators to whom we can refer, of ancient or of modern times. Men who sat while he was engaged in some of these feats of his oratory describe it as the breath of an enormous asp; after scattering himself abroad, it was his habit to pick up and gather closer and closer together all the pieces of detail which had gone before, till the victim, and in those days Brougham usually had a victim, felt himself coiled round till he sank powerless in the strong grasp of that gigantic and crushing spell. What Brougham was in speech, we have ourselves had some opportunity of knowing; we are old enough to have seen him more than once in opposition, not in the most terrible moments of his life, but moments of sufficient intensity to give some idea of what he must have been when in the fullest prime of his powers, in all



the heat and ardour of his life, and enthusiasm for that cause which he was determined to win, or against that foe he was determined to crush. It has often been remarked that his parentheses were amazing; in truth, they were a mental curiosity: if you had time to wonder, you might wonder how he could, or whether he ever would, pick up that apparently lost thread; but presently the involved became clear, the separated became united, and almost always they gave the venom to the fearful sting, in the power to inflict which he really seems to be unrivalled, and which might be a reflection upon the moral grandeur of the orator, were it not that it seems to us as if invariably the sting had to strike into some proud and apparently unconquerable wrong. Something of the kind of speech which marked the whole orator appears in some passages of the statesman of the reign of George III. Here is a paragraph. He has been describing George the Fourth's treatment of his wife during the first year of his marriage; at the end of it,

The "first gentleman of his age" was pleased, under his own hand, to intimate that it suited his disposition no longer to maintain even the thin covering of decency which he had hitherto suffered to veil the terms of their union; he announced that they should now live apart, and added, with a refinement of delicacy suited to the finished accomplishment of his pre-eminence among gentlemen, that he pledged himself never to ask for a nearer connection, even if their only child should die; he added, with a moving piety, "*which God forbid!*" *in case it might be imagined that the death of the daughter was as much his hope as the destruction of the mother.* The separation thus delicately affected made only an apparent change in the relative position of the parties. They had before occupied the same house, because they had lived under one roof, but in a state of complete separation; and now the only difference was, that, *instead of making a partition of the dwelling, and assigning her one half of its interior, he was graciously pleased to make a new division of the same mansion, giving her the outside, and keeping the inside to his mistresses and himself.*

If the old man could write thus, when under the influence of no other feelings than those of memory, we may form some idea of the kind of speech he indulged when, with all his passions aroused, the whole of his matchless genius inflamed and intensified by hatred, and the nation behind him idolizing his part in the cause he undertook to maintain, he constituted himself the censor of the king. Among orators, Brougham has often been compared, or rather contrasted, and perhaps always will be contrasted, with his great and some would think his more successful rival, George Canning. In an old book, now forgotten and quite lost sight of,



we remember to have seen this contrast so effectually set forth, that, feeling certain it has been read by few of our readers, and really illustrates well the chief points of Brougham's character, we shall quote it, although a quotation somewhat of the longest. The quotation will certainly illustrate some of those characteristics of Brougham as an orator, which perhaps would seem to entitle him to be called "the Rupert of debate;" but the image would be misplaced; for Brougham, however vehement and fiery, was never rash, and, perhaps, had all his powers most under control when they were blazing at their hottest heat.

I wot not that there could be chosen two men, who, in their appearance, the structure of their minds, the style and manner of their eloquence, or the expression and manner by which they set it forth, form a more perfect contrast. Canning cometh forward, airy, bland, soft, and prepossessing: Brougham, louring, stern, hard, and almost repulsive. The head of Canning hath an air of extreme elegance: that of Brougham hath exactly the reverse; yet, notwithstanding, on whatsoever side you view it, it giveth forth an indication of terrible power in the inhabitant within. The features of Canning are comely to behold, and such as would entice gentle maidens to the phantasies of love; his eye, though well set, and sheltered under his superciliary protection, is withal lively and sparkling; and his complexion hath much of freshness and bloom: the features of Brougham are exceedingly harsh; his forehead riseth to a great elevation; his chin is long and squared; his nose, mouth, and eyes seem huddled together in the centre of his face—the latter absolutely concealed and hidden amid folds and corrugations; and while he sits listening, they retire inward, or are veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only concealeth that appalling glare, which, when he is aroused, they shake forth, but also rendereth the mind of their possessor as a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man. The passions of Canning sit upon the imposing campaign of his face, drawn up, drilled, and in ready array; and the colours and banners whereof they be severally indicated, wave and flicker to and fro with every turn of his own speech, and every return of his antagonist's: Brougham's are within, as in a citadel, secured and proof against all the artillery of eloquence; and whilst every ear is tingling at what he says, and the immediate object of his invective is writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retaineth its cold and brassy hue; and he doth triumph over the passions of other men, by bearing him as though there was no passion in himself. The whole form of Canning is plump, and sleek, and graceful; that of Brougham is bony, and harsh, and ungainly. When Canning riseth, he standeth erect, lifteth up his visage, and looketh round him as if for the applause of others: Brougham standeth coiled and concentrated, as if wholly satisfied with the power that is within himself. From Canning you look for something of wit and of the joyance of the spirit—something that is showy and elegant: Brougham

is before you as a thing whose powers and intentions are all a mystery,—whose aim and effect no living man may anticipate. You bend forward to catch the first sentence of the one; and in the specimen before you, you do feel our common human nature elevated and ennobled: from the very appearance of the other you do crouch and shrink back, and all unwittingly and unwistfully the bodings of ruin and annihilation do start across your mind. The one doth seem as if he were to strive merely for the renown of the victory; while the glory of the other appeareth to be altogether in the fight. The one seemeth as if he had always his dwelling among men, entering into their sports and their festivities, and becoming fat upon their praise: the other looketh a son of the desert, and as one who would deign to come among men, only to make them quake at the greatness of his strength.

But their appearance differeth not more than the constructure and furnishing of their minds. Canning is a scholar—an elegant and an exquisite scholar, all must allow; yet he is still merely a scholar: Brougham, on the other hand, is more of a philosopher,—yea, in the most comprehensive meaning of the term. The illustrations of Canning are accordingly all deduced from the authors classical: while Brougham presseth the whole of the elements into his service. The one cometh upon his audience flaunting full in their faces all the flowery volumes of the muses: the other hurleth at them the whole mass of the Encyclopædia. Their first starting into notice is a sure finger-post to their minds;—Canning sparkled in the light and office-defending columns of the *Antijacobin*: Brougham enrolled his juvenile name in the Transactions of the Edinburgh Royal Society. The political squibs and disportings of Canning were exquisite after their kind; but their application was personal, and they had no duration: Brougham's paper on *Porisms* will continue to be read with interest while lines and circles form part of the body of science. Canning goeth forth as a lapidary, picking up gems of great value, giving them much polish, and fitting them for the diadems of kings: Brougham goeth forth like a giant with an iron mace, breaking the rocks in pieces, and preparing a path for the people over the most stubborn and untoward parts of the earth. You are delighted of the sparkle of the one; you admire the power of the other, but admiring, you tremble.

The style of their eloquence, and the structure of their orations are every jot as different. Canning selecteth his words for the smoothness of their flow and the music of their sound: while with Brougham the longer, the more terrible, and the more stubborn for the mouth, the better. Canning putteth together his sentences like a master of language and of euphony: Brougham like one who knoweth much of ideas and concatenation. Those of the one are of moderate length, and always quadrable by the classic formula: those of the other can be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind; and they do rise and run, and peal and swell, on and on, till each be often an entire

oration within itself; but still, the hearer may easily see that it carrieth the weight of all which went before, and prepareth the way for all which may come after. The style of Canning is like unto a convex mirror,—it scattereth every ray which falleth upon it, and in whatever position it may be viewed, it sparkleth: that of Brougham is like unto a mirror which is concave,—it sheddeth no general radiance, but the light thereof is concentrated into one focus, whereinto if any heart or any subject be brought, it is softened and molten in an instant. Canning marcheth onward in a clear and bold trace,—every paragraph is perfect within itself, and every corruscation of art and of genius nor needeth, nor can receive aid from the others; the antithesis is sure to be pointed, the quotation happy, the joke exquisite,—you do feel all, and you do feel at once: Brougham twineth round and round in a spiral,—sweeping all the contents of a large circumference before him, and pouring them onward to the main point of his attack. When he commenceth, you do wonder at the width and the obliquity of his course, nor can you in any wise comprehend how he is to dispose of the vast mass of heterogeneous matter which he doth fish up in his way. Howbeit as the volutions of the curve lessen, and the pole whereat it is to terminate appeareth in view, you do find out that all which he has collected is to be efficient there. I wot not that this power of concentration may be better cited than in a speech within the lower House of Parliament, wherein Brougham did make Canning start up and break, not only the rules of the Honourable House, but certes also the rules of decorum. It was touching backslidings from principle, and tergiversations for the lucre of office. At the outset it was disjointed and ragged, so that no man might determine the aim thereof. It did ramble over the records of the humiliation of genius at the throne of power, and of the dereliction of principle for the sake of office; and thence it did cull whatever was dark and degrading; but still there was no allusion to Canning, nor was there an object which ordinary men could divine. When, however, he had proceeded for a good space,—when the bundle had become big and black, he did bind it about and about with the cords and ligatures of illustration and of argument; then did he swing it round and round with the strength of a giant, and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and its effects might be the more tremendous; and while thus engaged, he did ever and anon glare his eye and point his finger to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself seemed to be the first who was aware where and how terrible was to be the collision, and he did keep writhing of his body to this side and to that, and withal rolling his eyes as if anxious to find out some shelter from the storm. Anon the House caught the impression one by one; and had it been possible to spare one moment to reflect upon them, the gaping and grinning might have given cause of much laughter. By this time, however, the breath of every man in the house was held as of chains; a pen which one of the clerks did let fall upon the matting below, was audible in its fall, even to the re-



mostest bench of the gallery; and the recumbent members in the slumbering galleries upon both sides did start from their sleep as though their dreams had been, not of the dissolution of parliament only, but of the dissolution of its present system of composition—yea, even of nature itself. The stiffness of Brougham's figure was clean gone; he did twine himself as lithe as the proboscis of an elephant; and, while his features were concentrated almost to a point, he did glare towards every part of the house in succession, and, sounding the death-knell of the Right Honourable Secretary's prudence and forbearance, with both his clenched fists on the table, he did hurl at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more agonising in its effects, than ever was hurled at man within the same walls. It was as a thunder cloud cometh over some giant peak,—there is but some flash, and but one peal; the sublimity vanisheth, and all that is left is a small pattering of rain. Canning, high as he confessedly is, was shattered and ruined, in that he did disclose a weakness the most dangerous in the commander of the faithful; he did utter his angry and unguarded words, and then came—patter and common-place. Howbeit even here the self-possession of Brougham did not leave him; for as he did turn to snatch up his hat, and walk forth of the house, doubtless to make the only reply which as a man he could make to the Secretary, the fire which but a moment before had burned and blazed from every feature of his face, and given a quivering of fearful animation to every muscle of his body, was extinguished, and his wonted sombre hue and stiffened manner had returned.

I would yet cast one "longing, lingering look" upon these two great masters of eloquence, of whom the forms haunt the eye, and the words vibrate upon the ear, long after the oration has ceased, and the orator has withdrawn. The fine, frank, candid, and gentleman-like form and expression of Canning, as he standeth poising and balancing his glittering and pointed arms, do flit before the eye of the mind. He cometh upon us a thing of light; and wherever he passeth, there radiance and sunbeams are fled. But the brightness and beauty have no duration,—they are soon gone; and we do dwell with a deeper tone of feeling upon Brougham. He standeth dark and sallow; and as he playeth the accusing angel to courtiers and to kings, his lip doth curl and start with the derision which is matchless; his voice, sunken to a whisper, is yet more distinctly audible than the roaring of any other man in that house; and his words do fall heavy, solemn, and slow. One may not but think of that gloom which, according to our great bard Milton, did overshadow the creation when the sin of our first parent had added this world to the dominions of Death,—

Sky lowered, and muttered thunder;

and when, in the depth of this awful gathering, he hath drained the gall of a thousand enormities,—when he hath condensed and concocted it to a poison more deadly than the Upas of the east: then doth his voice peal forth the harsh thunder,—then do his form and features

dart forth the dark fires of the place of retribution; the storm is upon the wing, and

Iron sleet in arrowy shower  
Hurtles through the darkened air.\*

The speeches of Brougham, amidst the pressure of so many intellectual excitements, do not receive now so much attention as we are persuaded they are yet destined to receive, thoroughly well informed as they are; it is in this power of irony and invective they are matchless. We may apply to them a word often applied, but we believe to no orations so justly, they are truly Demosthenic; they are studies of what may be called the thunder of speech, and not only when the climax rises, and, as the description we have just quoted, when they partake of the nature of a long-protracted peal, but when the irony seems cunningly, but not less terribly, to whisper along from sentence to sentence, as it were, the prelude to the storm which is to rush down at the close. Brougham was a great orator, and by his side all the political orators of our day seem comparatively dwarfed and feeble; yet this was only one—perhaps, after all, the most inconsiderable—department of his great and active life; yet when he retired from his more public career, that agility of speech, the result, as we gather from himself, of long and patient hours of study, influenced and gave beauty and force to his style in those delightful essays in which philosophy used the incidents of biography for the purpose of unfolding its lessons, or in which the matured and retired thinker sought to set forth the clearly wrought-out opinions of his age. We do not refer to the incidents of his life, his elevation to the wool-sack, his part in carrying to a triumphant close the discussion on the Reform Bill, or his disputes with his old whig colleagues; it was scarcely to be supposed that he should shine in courts, or be a favourite with the hangers on the smiles of royal personages.

Brougham was essentially an angular man; and it was not merely through life he had found himself, morally and politically, in opposition to the court. It can be readily conceived how little of that graciousness and suavity of manner he possessed, without which it is not only impossible, we should suppose, for any man in England to hold a place in a cabinet, or indeed hold any position where opinions have to be accommodated to parties, and much of individuality has to be surrendered. In Brougham's nature there was no conciliatory element; it is not too much to say that the House of Lords was never so bullied by any mortal as by Brougham when chancellor. After the pass-

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\* Things in General, etc., by Laurence Langshank Gent. 1825.

ing of the Reform Bill, a rupture soon took place between the chancellor and his party. It ought never to be forgotten, to Brougham's honour, that he entirely separated himself from the ideas of Grey, and Russell, and Melbourne; for the last of whom, it may be well supposed, and some passages of arms between them quite illustrate the supposition, that he felt almost unmeasured contempt. He was utterly opposed to the declaration of finality made by his party; he regarded the things attained as little as stepping-stones to future advances. Compared with himself, the men with whom he had been labouring were ordinary men, statesmen of the hour; two of them, no doubt, with fine consciences, and considerable faith in their own whig principles. Brougham was far from a mere whig, and the principles for which he had laboured had been rather accidentally associated with whigism; they were rooted in the deeper principles of human nature, and, however admirable the constitution of England might be, they found their warrant rather in the constitution of providence and nature. His coadjutors were pledged to party. Brougham soon separated himself from party, and out of office his trenchant and terrible tongue became a galling irritation to some of the men with whom he had laboured. We have referred to his celebrated tournament in the House of Commons with Canning; scarcely less remarkable was his passage of arms with Melbourne. The old exquisite irony was well proved; and in that place, doomed to decorum, until within the last week or two,—the House of Lords,—noble peers were startled by this rugged apparition polishing up his old weapons, and glancing and glittering amidst their quiet usages with finely finished, but not the less cruel, strokes of sarcasm and wit. It was especially on the discussion upon the Duchess of Kent's Annuity Bill, immediately after the ascent of the youthful Victoria to the throne, when Brougham had used the words Queen-mother, Melbourne, who was sitting near to him, abruptly interrupted him, exclaiming, "No, no; not Queen-mother,—Mother of the Queen." Brougham exclaimed, "Oh, I know the distinction between the two phrases, as well as my noble friend does; but he is a much more expert courtier than I am: I am rude and all uncultivated in speech,—the tongue of my noble friend is well hung and attuned to courtly airs; oh, I could not enter into competition with him on such subjects as these." Amidst these sentences the House, and especially the Tories, were in roars of laughter. It was pretty well known how Melbourne had oilily insinuated himself into the feelings of the young Queen; he was, in fact, an oleaginous man. Still, amidst the laughter, Brougham went on: "The



"notions of my noble friend are more strictly poised and governed "on these points than mine are." Melbourne started to his feet, and exclaimed,—

"My Lords, I took the liberty to suggest that there was a difference, not an immaterial one, in the present case, between the expressions, 'Queen-mother,' and 'mother of the Queen.' The noble and learned lord said that was a distinction only to be made in courts—a distinction only recognised where there is glozing and flattery—where tongues are better hung, as the noble and learned lord expressed it. I do not know what the noble and learned lord means when he says that my tongue is better hung. I cannot speak of the hanging of the tongue; and as to glozing and flattery, I must be allowed to say [here becoming very excited] that I know no man in this country who can more gloze, and flatter, and bend the knee, than the noble and learned lord himself—not me; and, therefore, when he says he cannot compete with me in those arts, I beg leave to say I feel myself totally unable to compete with him, when he finds an opportunity, or an occasion offers for exercising them."

Brougham now started up, and said,—

"I positively and solemnly deny, and I call on the noble viscount to produce his proofs, that I ever in my life did, and, more than that, that I ever in my nature was capable of doing, that which the noble viscount has chosen to-night, unprovoked, to fling out as a charge against me."

MELBOURNE. No, no; not unprovoked.

BROUGHAM. Yes, unprovoked; I say, utterly unprovoked. I spoke in as good-humoured a tone, with as perfectly inoffensive a meaning, as it was possible for man to speak or for man to feel, when the noble viscount observed, with a contemptuous sort of air, that I should not say "Queen-mother," but "mother of the Queen;" as much as to intimate, "Oh, you know nothing of these things; you don't speak the language of courts." I said, "Far be it from me to enter into competition with the noble viscount, whose tongue is now attuned and hung to courtly airs." The noble viscount answers that by saying he cannot enter into competition with me in the hanging of the tongue. It was not the hanging of the tongue I spoke of, it was the attuning of the tongue—the new tune, with recent variations.

The exquisite sarcasm conveyed in these last words was received with another burst of laughter. Brougham resumed,—

"The new tune, with recent variations, to which the noble viscount's tolerably well-hung tongue had now attained. That the noble viscount should take such an opportunity to level a charge at me, which he knows to be—which he must feel and know, when he comes calmly to reflect on it—is utterly and absolutely, and, I may add, notoriously, inapplicable to me, produced, I must own, in my mind, not of late unaccustomed to feelings of astonishment, some little degree of surprise. I repeat what I have already said—first, that the

imputation or insinuation that I ever, in the discharge of my duty, stooped to gloze, or to bow before, or to flatter any human being, much more any inmate of a court, is utterly, absolutely, and, I will say, notoriously, without foundation. The next part of the insinuation is, if possible, equally groundless—that, if I had an opportunity of having recourse to these arts, peradventure I should excel in them. I want no such opportunity. If I did, I have the opportunity. I disdain it. No access which I have had has ever, to the injury of others, to the betrayal of duty, to my own shame, been so abused, not even for one instant; and opportunity to abuse it I have, if I were base enough so to avail myself of it.”

Honest, outspoken, exceedingly loved by those who knew him in private life, by men who, like himself, had a conscience and a soul, it must be admitted that the tone he adopted in the proud chamber of the peers was, as we have already said, wholly unconciliatory. In urging upon the House the passing of the Reform Bill, he plainly told the peers he had condescended in coming into their midst.

“Why, my Lords, have its authors nothing to fear from democratic spoliation? The fact is, that there are members of the present Cabinet who possess, one or two of them alone, far more property than any two administrations within my recollection, and all of them have ample wealth. I need hardly say I include not myself, who have little or none. But even of myself I will say, that whatever I have depends on the stability of existing institutions, and it is as dear to me as the princely possessions of any amongst you. Permit me to say that, in becoming a member of your House, I staked my all in the aristocratic institutions of the State. I abandoned certain wealth, a large income, and much real power in the State, for an office of great trouble, heavy responsibility, and very uncertain duration. I say, I gave up substantial power for the shadow of it, and for distinction depending upon accident. I quitted the elevated station of representative for Yorkshire, and a leading member of the Commons—I descended from a position quite lofty enough to gratify any man’s ambition; and my lot became bound up in the stability of this House. Then have I not a right to throw myself on your justice, to desire that you will not put in jeopardy all I have now left?”

He often pretty distinctly glanced, in his speeches, at the wreck and ruin which must almost inevitably pass over a man’s moral nature, before he could succeed as a placeman, as in the following paragraph:—

Talk of “midnight oil” and the “sweat of the brow!” Will this avail a man under the present system? Why, a man may waste all the oil in his cruets, and he may waste the sweat of his brow until there is no more sweat to come out of it, and all this will avail him

nothing; he must go to the poor-house, he must apply to the parish for relief, unless he can render himself acceptable, not to the public, but to the minister of the day, and obtain a place. Even getting a place will avail you nothing if you wish to remain conscientiously in office; for if you happen to differ from the minister on a subject of great importance, and take the liberty of stating your opinion, out of office you go, and you get no pension, because you have not held it long enough. No; you must put your conscience under a bushel, you must shut your eyes to all abuses, you must render yourself quite acceptable to the Government for three years, otherwise you will lose your place and your chance of a pension.

We think there can be no doubt that Brougham was thoroughly honest when he expressed, again and again, his exultation at his escape from the slavery of office; indeed, men to whom such ambitions are pre-eminently attractive, especially when the ambition is accompanied by almost matchless power, usually find little difficulty in realizing it. Brougham had been preceded by Eldon, whose tenacity for office was ludicrously proverbial. It is said that of him Brougham had exclaimed, "Do you think that he would resign his office? that he would quit the great seal? Prince Hopenlo is nothing to the man who could effect such a measure; a more chimerical dream never entered the brain of a distempered poet." In a similar vein of extraordinary sarcasm he ridiculed the patience, courage, and forbearance from all selfish considerations with which that old man clutched the seals of power, avowing his belief, "that the old Lord Chancellor considered that in the seals he held an estate for life." Brougham, on the contrary, in his great Liverpool speech, certainly one of the most extraordinary of all his orations, whether for the grandeur of some of its climaxes, its passages of personal vindication, its glances at the character of great statesmen, or its little lights of autobiography, poured out the following exultation over his liberation from office:—

If it were not somewhat late in the day for moralizing, I could tell of the prerogatives, not so very high,—the enjoyments, none of the sweetest,—which he loses who surrenders place, oftentimes misnamed power. To be responsible for measures which others control, perchance contrive; to be chargeable with leaving undone things which he ought to have done, and had all the desire to do, without the power of doing; to be compelled to trust those whom he knows to be utterly untrustworthy; and on the most momentous occasions, involving the interests of millions, implicitly to confide in quarters where common prudence forbade reposing a common confidence; to have schemes of the wisest, the most profound policy judged and decided on by the most ignorant and the most frivolous of human



beings, and the most generous aspirations of the heart for the happiness of his species, chilled by frowns of the most selfish and sordid of his race:—these are among the unenviable prerogatives of place,—of what is falsely called power in this country; and yet I doubt if there be not others less enviable still. To be planted upon the eminence from whence he must see the baser features of human nature, uncovered and deformed; witness the attitude of climbing ambition from a point whence it is only viewed as creeping and crawling, tortuous and venomous, in its hateful path; be forced to see the hideous sight of a naked human heart, whether throbbing in the bosom of the great vulgar, or of the little, is not a very pleasing occupation for any one who loves his fellow-creatures, and would fain esteem them; and, trust me, that he who wields power and patronage for but a little month, shall find the many he may try to serve furiously hating him for involuntary failure—while the few whom he may succeed in helping to the object of all their wishes, shall, with a preposterous pride (the most unamiable part of the British character), seek to prove their independence by showing their ingratitude, if they do not try to cancel the obligation by fastening a quarrel upon him.

Yet to even all this I might have reconciled myself, from a desire to further great measures, and from the pleasure which excitement gives to active minds, or, if you will, from the glory which inspires ambitious notions among statesmen, as well as conquerors. But worse to be endured than all, was the fetter and the cramp imposed on one used to independence,—the being buried, while yet alive, to the people's condition and claims,—buried in the house of form and etiquette appointed for all ministers. Who, then, can marvel at the exultation which I feel to shake and to brace every fibre of my frame, when, casting off these trammels—bursting through the cerements of that tomb—I start into new life, and resume my position in the van of my countrymen, struggling for their rights, and moving onwards in the accelerated progress of improvement, with a boundless might and a resistless fury, which prostrate in the dust all the puny obstacles that can be raised by the tyranny of courts and their intrigues—the persecution of bigots and their cunning—the sordid plots of greedy monopolists, whether privileged companies, or overgrown establishments, or corrupt municipalities?

In this proud position I am now placed, and I have no desire at all to leave it. I am once more absolutely free—the slave of no party—at the mercy of no court intrigue—in the service of my country, and of that only master. Firm on this vantage ground, it must indeed be an honest government, and a strong one,—a government which promises much for the people, and is capable of accomplishing much of what it promises,—that can ever tempt me to abandon my independence in the front of my countrymen, and enlist with any ministry whatever.

By this resolution it would appear he continued steadfastly to

abide. He was never reconciled to the party of whom it may possibly remain doubtful whether he abandoned it or it abandoned him; on the other hand, he never became renegade: he united himself with no adverse party, but continued to faithfully fulfil his duties as a judicial peer, in a manner eminently exemplary, while working in his study, in the months when liberated from public labour, upon manifold essays, many of which, for their perfect beauty of style, are among the most choice illustrations of elegance and strength in the prose writings of our language; yet, during the brief period he held the seals, he effected more for the country than perhaps any other great law lord who ever entered Westminster Hall. Eldon had allowed cases to accumulate fearfully, as Brougham had said in the speech we have already quoted. "His patience under the painful circumstances of such a protracted holding of the seals of office, was only rivalled by the fortitude with which he bore the prolonged distress of the suitors in his own court." Brougham, in an amazingly brief time, heard and disputed long-standing cases; the rapidity with which he did it, of course, provoked amazing displeasure among lawyers; but there are multitudes who think that it is to his lasting praise he purged chancery of its arrears, in a quick, but not at all in an unsatisfactory or unthinking, manner. He did what was eminently wanted at the time; and it was his boast that not one of his decisions as chancellor, hastily given as they were, was reversed by an appeal to the House of Peers.

Brougham was so various and omnific a man, that merely to touch upon the chief characteristics of his eminence is quite impossible. Few men indeed, who have led so active a life, who have stood so prominently forward at the head of great national affairs, have possessed a reputation so entirely separated and distinct from the more prominent portions of their fame; but through all departments it was the useful which especially claimed and captivated his attention. He was eminently a child of the understanding; his intellect was built up from the things which are seen. His creed upon things of the mind and of human nature would probably be very much such a one as Lord Macaulay would have sketched. Indifferent to the powers and graces of poetry, he could not altogether have been; but with the new races and schools of poets and poetry, we suppose, he had no sympathy. We believe he was never reconciled to Byron; if Jeffery ever needed urging to renewed hostility to the schools of Wordsworth and Coleridge, he no doubt found a hearty backer in Brougham; and when Carlyle began to



contribute to the *Edinburgh* those magnificent papers which completely set aside some of its preceding verdicts on *Burns*, on *Richter*, and on *German Literature*, Brougham is reported to have said, "I declare to you, if you allow that man to write another paper, I'll write for you no more." Brougham belonged to an order of men having little sympathy with, and not disposed to place among the subjects of their close acquaintance and intimate knowledge, the transcendentalisms either of metaphysics, poetry, or science. A man's training usually fixes the poles of his mind, even when it is boldly original, and when it is yet unable entirely to dominate his whole character; and the schools of Scotland, St. Andrew, and Edinburgh, when Brougham was a youth, would not prepare his intelligence for much appreciation of that large new realm which seems to have been laid bare to more of the speculative by the teachings of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and Cousin; in our own country we may add Coleridge and Carlyle. Following, however, in the discipline to which his mind had been accustomed, and which indeed was in harmony with all the labours of his life, his practical, sagacious, and legal intelligence, he devoted himself to the cultivation of the visible, the tangible, the useful. The same spirit which animated him in his intercourse with such men as Bentham and Romilly influenced his studies when he left the more public walk, or when that public walk became comparatively a secluded one, separated from the noisy highway of politics, and reserved for the feet of those who desired even more to see the human mind informed, than the powers of class privilege broken; hence his work in connection with mechanics' institutes, which were to him and to his idea something more resembling what we now know as the people's college, than that great misnomered thing the mechanics' institute, has usually become; then his work in connection with the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, which long squibs were wont to satirise as the Society for the Promotion of *Useless* Knowledge. Aided by him, the first cheap periodicals were launched, and multitudes of those delightful volumes were published, which first unrolled in a cheap form the ample page of knowledge to the comparatively poor. His delightful Essay on the *Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science*, written in the pressure and crowd of his multitudinous affairs, was one of the first and most earnest words addressed to the people, inviting them to a knowledge of those great subjects, which, while they entertain, instruct, and, while they lift the mind above the merely sensual, admit it into the knowledge of the durable, the knowledge of itself, and of beings like itself—not of clay—the



beings of the mind. He had scarcely left behind him the toils and misunderstandings of the wool-sack, before he resumed his labours in such departments as these, which must have been comparatively suspended, and he commenced the publication, in conjunction with Sir Charles Bell, of his delightful edition of *Paley's Natural Theology*, introducing it by a volume from his own pen, an introductory discourse on the *Nature of the Evidences and Advantages of the Study of Natural Theology*; and whatever may be remarked upon the essay itself, from other points of view, there can be no doubt of its especial interest as dealing with one department of thought, to which Paley makes but little, if any, reference at all. The evidence arising from the nature of the human mind itself, the notes of Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell, and the addition of the papers on *Animal Mechanics*, from the pen of the distinguished surgeon, and published by the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, render the edition most complete and valuable. The mind of Brougham was eminently fitted to see and to appreciate the argument for natural theology; nor is it our purpose here to remark upon the argument, but simply to adduce this piece of labour as another illustration, not only of his laboriousness, but his devotion to the useful and apprehensible in all the work to which he set his hand; not in the mere slavish sense of being chained to all the dogmas of the school bearing that name, but yet in a very distinct sense he was a utilitarian. The gospel of utility needed apostles when Brougham began his career, and still the necessity for the question, *ui bono?* is scarcely worn out; we know the question may be put until it seems to lose sight of some of the highest functions and ordinances of nature. Brougham's was no sentimental mind; he saw society covered with brushwood, the thick miasma plantations of ignorance and superstition growing out of antique absurdities and abuses, and he went into the backwoods, axe in hand, to clear and sweep the ground free. Seldom, perhaps never, is one high class of faculty held in conjunction with another. Only for a moment, out of their large lives of intense contemplation, can Dante or Michael Angelo be permitted to become soldiers; and Brougham was essentially a man of action, and he looked on things and men from the point of view of the man of action; to have looked at them from another point of view might scarcely have widened and given intensity to his own vision, while it would have assuredly taken something from the nerve and force of his arm. There was much in him of the genius of common sense; he discussed, as a public man, the great questions which arose, with a mind informed by the common-sense view; he brought amazing

genius to aid in all this ; but, as we look through his opinions upon innumerable matters, they are seen consistently to harmonise in views of righteousness and justice,—even the new poor law, which at present does need, and must receive, a most distinctive attention and thorough emendation, was, when framed—principally beneath his vigilance, and carried greatly by his energy—as necessary an act as could well be conceived for correcting the enormous mischiefs of the old administration. This clear order of mind, like his style of oratory, struggling into clearness through immense and circumvolving folds of inquiry and doubt, gave to his style, when in the later years of his life he sat down quietly in his study to prepare his volumes, that translucent clearness which is the great charm especially of his biographic compositions. Few men could be selected as more distinctly and comprehensively representing their time than Lord Brougham ; but, copious as were the papers which appeared, when it was found he had passed away, scarcely any very adequate appreciation was pronounced from any pen ; he had very much ceased to be the man of influence and action. A man cannot be very obviously active or perhaps influential at ninety years of age. We have not written this paper with any such vain and foolish idea as that we may supply such lack of competent criticism ; we have been rather desirous of recalling the apparently fleeting memories to the claims the departed venerable orator and philosopher has upon the gratitude of our time. Certain it is that from his works may be found strongly expressed convictions on many of those matters which at present are topics of public interest, while most of those doctrines which are now considered to be unwrought with the conditions of our national greatness, received his warm and ardent support and championship, before they became things settled.

Of Brougham as a novelist we have no space to speak. One novel certainly emanated from his pen—*Albert Lunel*. He probably was dissatisfied with it ; for he, in the course of a short time, did his utmost to withdraw it from circulation ; nor was this, probably, any fitting field for the development of his powers. Our readers do not need to be informed that the orator, philosopher, statesman, judge, philanthropist, and writer quietly passed away in sleep, on Thursday night, May 7th, 1868, apparently without any struggle or pain ; he was upon the threshold of completing his ninetieth year. It is probable that before long some monument, we trust a worthy one, will be erected to his memory ; like the noble monument to the memory of his great rival, Canning, we trust it may stand conspicuously to

adorn that spot which is as the field, the very *campus martius* of the contending masters of statesmanship and eloquence ; but the foremost feeling with us, as this great career closes, is the sense of forgetfulness and almost oblivion which passes over the recollection of acts once so constantly on the lips of men. In the memory of a great man we lose the nice points which went to make up his fame, and see him simply as a whole, and receive the report of him without the power to enter into those items which made him famous. Few will remember that multitudes in England, in 1812, believed that to him the peace and commerce of England were indebted for their salvation in an hour of great peril, and that by efforts he put forth, not in combination with any political party. Few will be at all aware of the floods of pamphlets poured from the press against him as question after question emerged, and especially in his intrepid endeavours to correct the enormous abuses of the charities of England ; on the other hand, few will know that for these and such-like exertions the *Quarterly Review* proved him to be at one time an Ahitophel, and at another and later period employed its pages for the purpose of running a parallel between his character and that of Judge Jefferies, in his judicial career ; as few will care to inquire what are the consequences of his review of Dr. Young's *Theory of Light*. Only this is known, a man has passed away, who, perhaps, has filled in his time a larger sphere, whether by the work he did or what men said and feared about that work, than any other man of his epoch. He only lived so long, that, on the one hand, there were those who forgot entirely what they owed to him ; while, on the other were those who came to suppose that what he had greatly effected for them, they had effected for themselves.

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## II.

## RELIGION AND PSYCHOLOGY.

OUR design, in the following article, is to indicate the relationship between experimental religion and mental science. That a relationship exists cannot be disputed, if we admit that the states of mind of which experimental religion narrates the history are natural states, and arise one out of the other, according to the ordinary laws governing our mental operations. How far they are natural, and in what sense supernatural, is one of the questions we shall have to consider.

We cannot, however, make up our minds to enter upon an enquiry of this nature without a prefatory caution. Early in the history of the Christian Church, the forms of philosophy which then prevailed, and to which many of the more eminent fathers had been attached previous to their conversion, were mixed up strangely with the doctrines of Christianity, and became fruitful sources of contention and heresy. We are not in much danger in the present day of repeating the same error, our methods of enquiry being so totally different: they began with theories, we begin with facts. But, on the other hand, modern methods of investigating truth have their peculiar dangers. The tendency of positivism is to give a materialistic and rigid tone to our conceptions, inconsistent with the spirituality essential to true religious feeling. This error therefore it must be our study to avoid as one of the prevalent errors of the day, while we are avoiding the opposite extreme in seeking to educe from facts those natural laws which reign as imperiously over the religious as over every other class of our thoughts and feelings.

It is often asked whether religion and science are reconcilable with each other. We do not understand why any doubt should have ever been entertained upon this point, seeing that the author of true religion and the creator and governor of the universe is the same one and only God of truth. The point of difficulty is, not to conceive the idea of their reconciliation, but to explain fully in detail, where and how the reconciliation is effected. Religion cannot influence the affections of the heart, modify our thoughts, and control our actions, without throwing us upon the

supernatural. Prayer implies that God hears and answers prayer. Dependence upon Divine Providence implies that God is disposed to regulate His providential arrangements with reference to our personal benefit. In both these examples, the Divine will is assumed to be perfectly free, and not to be trammelled by the necessity supposed to be implied in fixed and unalterable laws. Now, as has been well shown by the Duke of Argyle, in his "Reign of Law," it is in the false notion that the Divine will is driven by the laws of nature to move in a groove which controls its free action that the imaginary difficulty lies. We can ourselves so use the laws of nature as to accomplish purposes which the laws of nature never contemplated, our wills thus asserting their superiority to nature's laws. But if the human will be powerful enough, with the comparatively feeble appliances at its command, to achieve such results, what difficulty is there in conceiving that God can so combine and use the laws of nature as to answer any prayer scripturally addressed to Him, or effect any object His providence ordains? The mistake, we repeat, consists in the supposition that, in order to special volitions of the Divine mind becoming operative, it is necessary that the laws of nature should be broken; whereas, in truth, nothing more is necessary than that those laws should be used, combined, and diverted so that, in harmony with nature's laws, and not (except in the case of miracles) in antagonism to them, God does whatever pleases Him.

Such being the state of the relations between the natural and supernatural in the general, how do they stand towards each other with reference to the particular topic we have undertaken to discuss? Christianity demands that, in any attempt made to harmonize the facts of experimental religion with psychological science, certain supernatural truths are to be reverentially left untouched. Is this possible? We think it is. The inspiration of the Holy Scriptures is an historical truth which does not in the slightest degree affect our argument. Neither does our Lord's miraculous history. The only truth not purely natural which it is necessary for us to bring into harmony with our scheme is the Holy Spirit's influence upon the human heart, unquestionably essential to the production and growth of vital piety.

There are two aspects in which the doctrine of Divine influence may be viewed; and, whether we look at it in one aspect or the other, we submit that it interferes with the natural progression of thought and feeling on the subject of religion in no sense differently from that in which we have described the supernatural as co-operating with the laws of nature. The Holy Spirit may be said to be the source of all our religious

intuitions. This is one aspect of the doctrine. The other is that He may use the laws of the human mind to suggest, kindle, and excite holy thoughts and feelings, as the God of providence makes use of nature's laws in answering His people's prayers. There is a real Divine and supernatural action, but the supernatural acts in harmony with the natural—so in harmony with it that, in any psychological investigation, the supernatural is imperceptible, and the natural progression of thought, feeling, and volition is alone left to be considered.

The way is now prepared for our opening the meditated discussion. We want to show psychologically how religion springs up and progresses in the human mind. Were we dealing with this theme theologically, we should say, first, that by the preaching of the word and the influence of the Holy Spirit the conscience was awakened, provoking moral reformation and prayer for forgiveness; that the awakened conscience was then led by the same agencies to seek and find rest in the great Christian sacrifice, and that conscious reconciliation with God lays a platform for a higher *morale*. Now in so teaching we should indicate a certain regular process of mental action, so regular that in all its essential features the experience of all Christians in all ages and in all countries is identical. We have then in this identity a well-established series of mental phenomena, and it would be singular indeed if these phenomena could not be made to co-operate with other mental phenomena in building up that science which, whatever may have been the case in centuries past, it is now generally agreed can, like other sciences, be safely constructed only by the symmetrical arrangement of facts.

Classification has accordingly become in psychology, not less than in natural history, necessary to scientific investigation. Nor is the *plan* of classification unimportant. Some plans facilitate investigation in one direction; others are more favourable to investigation in another direction; and as the enquiry we are prosecuting has a specific object, it is of importance that we elect to make use of the kind of classification that will most effectually expose to observation the truths we are desirous to unfold.

Some psychologists adopt a classification based upon a division of the mental faculties. Thus Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Bain, although differing greatly in their theories, both classify the mind's phenomena under three heads, the Intellect, the Emotions, and the Will. Dr. M'Cosh and others seek first to ascertain the laws according to which the mind acts, and, having discovered the laws of the mind, these they arrange as primitive



cognitions, judgments, beliefs, etc., according to their analytic traits. Dr. Thomas Brown based his classification on the mind's states; and other writers have adopted a division which, for the purpose we have in view, possesses peculiar advantages. They divide our mental states into (1) latent states and (2) conscious states; to these we purpose to add a third division, viz. (3) the process of the mind's evolution out of latency into consciousness. Under these three heads all mental facts appear capable of being arranged.

It is necessary to premise that, in selecting a mind, the states of which are to be examined, we are not to be driven to the selection of one in a state of barbarism. Barbarism is not man's natural state. Revelation introduces him to us as having been, when first created, both morally and mentally, in a better condition than that in which we find him at present, even when most highly cultivated. We call therefore upon cultivated humanity to yield to us our ideal specimen; and if it be objected to our so doing, that we may be led thereby to attribute to nature what is really attributable to education, we admit the difficulty, but it is a difficulty which a careful analysis ought to enable us to avoid.

The lowest of our mental states are those which, when developed into consciousness, assume the form of appetites and instincts. These in man are limited. That which in the bee is attributed to instinct is attributed in man to volition, skill, contrivance, design. So also the instincts of the dog, the horse, and other animals resemble in many respects the operations of the human reason. It is only therefore of the inferior instincts we are now to speak, those which man has in common with all forms of animated organization, whereby provision is made for self-sustenance and the propagation of the species. Now that these appetites and instincts are wrought up by nature into our physical and mental organization, and remain there in a latent form until called into action, is a fact universally admitted. Yet in this universal admission there is involved a principle of much wider application, as we shall have occasion afterwards to show.

In every case the appetite seeks its gratification in the outer world; and the only point which we are anxious under this head to make clear is, that, although the appetite might not have been able to describe, when in its latent state, what was required for its gratification, it no sooner sees the fitting object in the outer world than it recognises and embraces it. A very beautiful illustration of this power of immediate selection is furnished by Galen's experiment on the new-born kid. Taken from its

mother without ever having sucked ; many shallow pans with different liquids were placed near it, one containing goat's milk : this, rejecting all others, the kid instantly preferred. Instinct not only feels a want, but, when the fitting object of gratification is set before it, the fitness is recognised ; and if other objects unfitted for its gratification are obtruded, these will be rejected. Thus we have in the dawning of instinct an example of immediate knowledge which we request our readers to note for further use.

With regard to our natural tempers and affections, it is only needful for our present purpose to remark that, while latent, they have the same constitutional difference in different individuals which is to be observed when they are evoked into action. Some of these latent differences are attributable to physical organization, others to hereditary transmission, while others are traceable only to mental idiosyncrasy ; but whatever the cause of difference, the difference itself is significant, indicating the existence in every mind of characteristic and distinguishable latent traits. Some persons are *naturally* quick-tempered, others gentle and peaceable ; in some, one appetite struggles for the mastery, while others are threatened with subjection to the opposite evil. Whether these incipient latent differences are partly physiological or purely mental, it is not necessary for us just now to inquire. It is enough to know that they exist, and that men have constitutionally latent states of mind capable of distinctive characterization and of being noted down among the facts out of which the science of psychology is to be constructed.

Another class of latent mental states comprises those out of which our intuitive cognitions originate. We become through the senses acted upon by certain external impressions, and thereupon our internal activities awake, so that we become percipient of the cause of sensation. The tree which has affected my organ of vision becomes thus immediately and intuitively known to me as an object separate from myself ; and even after I have ceased to gaze upon it, its image remains before me. It is quite clear that something more is required than the presentation of the object to my senses to produce this world of wonders. The latent mental state which woke up to receive the sensation is quite as much a mental fact to be recorded and classified as the acts of presentative and representative consciousness which constitute the ultimate result.

In receiving its sensorial impressions, the mind is purely passive, and the mental image thereby produced is formed within the mind ; whence originated the error against which Reid and Hamilton so earnestly protested, *i.e.* that the object of

perception is not the external reality, but its internal representation. The contrary view, which we accept as now well established, is that, although the image formed in the mind by sensation is internal, the perceptive faculty refers the internal representation to the external reality, and becomes conscious of self and an outer world in one cognitive act.

Now it will be seen that what is called the perceptive faculty is here admitted to pronounce a judgment for which it has no materials but its own innate furniture. Empirical philosophers are driven to contend that the materials for this judgment are furnished by experience, but the arguments by which they endeavour to support this opinion are wholly insufficient. Hence we are left with this fact forced upon us, that every mind in its latent state bears tracings which, when evolved in consciousness, assume the form of a primitive conviction that the image produced by sensation is but the shadow of an external substance. And thus the phenomena of perception supply another example of latent truth.

In fact, all the stores of memory are latent, except when called up into consciousness by an act of the will and an effort of attention, or by the power of association.

But the most striking illustration of latency is that furnished by lapsed memory. The features of a person you had known have quite escaped your recollection, and no effort of the will can recall them. Yet if those features be again brought before you, they are immediately recognised. So of facts and dates. They are quite forgotten, and have no longer any existence in consciousness, yet the slightest suggestion will bring back all your knowledge. Here you have an instance of latent mental tracing which admits of no dispute, being dependent upon no theory but matter of daily experience.

It is a fact also equally unquestionable that the latent tracings of lapsed memory are capable often of being developed by mental excitement. A man in earnest conversation, or engaged in public speaking, will often, under the excitement of the moment, even unaided by association, be able to call up facts and quotations which, when calm, no effort of the will would have enabled him to do. So, some forms of brain disease marvellously stimulate the recollective faculty, of which instances are recorded by Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Abercrombie that almost surpass belief.

Three things, it will be seen, are essential in all these operations of memory. First, there must be a fact of which we were once conscious. Secondly, this fact, although utterly forgotten, must have left some obscure trace in the mind's secret recesses.



Thirdly, there must be an external suggestion fitted to revive and call back into consciousness the obscure tracing. The facts may be varied by substituting for the third element a reminder arising out of the association of ideas; but in this case, as well as when the reminiscence emanates from an objective agency, the source of it is foreign, it being of the nature of every such association to be involuntary, and this may be affirmed also with regard to those cases in which forgotten facts are recalled under the influence of excitement, excitement being, like association, an involuntary and foreign agency.

What difficulty is there, if in the preceding portions of our analysis we have followed in the wake of truth, in our now adding another class to the mind's latent states; namely, those moral convictions which St. Paul speaks of as the law written in the heart? Here, as in the last case, a foreign agency may be necessary to evoke the mind's activity; and hence, how manifest becomes the error of those who would dispense with revelation as unnecessary! Experience teaches that the concrete exhibition of moral or immoral actions alone is hardly sufficient to evoke our moral judgments, unless accompanied by external teaching. But, however evoked, the native power of the aroused mind to give forth true moral judgments is matter of daily history; and it is a power which our best psychologists agree in recognising.

The power to give forth moral judgments involves in it the self-consciousness of sin, and this may therefore be added as another of the mind's latent states. There is in every human mind a latent record of its own imperfection and guilt. To call this up into consciousness is Christianity's first object. Till that is done, individual regeneration is impossible.

But is there not another truth traced in the obscure recesses of the human mind, ready to be called into activity under adequate stimulus? Does not the apostle Paul intimate this fact when he says that the word he preached is "in the heart"? That Jesus was the Christ, is not a truth we should expect to be intuitively revealed, since it is a great historical fact to be proved by external evidence; but the doctrine of sacrifice is as likely to be traced upon the heart as the principles of the law. In fact, we have a difficulty in conceiving how one could be traced without the other. At all events, does not experience prove that, so soon as the self-consciousness of sin becomes active within us, the mind turns instinctively to enquire after a Redeemer? and may we not therefore add, in a classification of our latent mental states, the obscure tracing of mediation and sacrifice, ready to be called forth by the preaching of Christ crucified?

In all these examples it will be observed that the latent states of the mind do not develop into states of consciousness of themselves, but that they are evoked by an external call; whence we infer that the existence of an external Christianity, evoking the truth written upon the heart, is in analogy with the mind's ordinary operations; and that the fear entertained by theologians, lest the theory of an inward latency of truth might seem to render unnecessary the Christianity of history, is wholly unwarranted and unfounded.

But by far the most important truth developed by the course of discussion pursued in this paper is one with a brief reference to which we shall now conclude. In adverting to the evolution of our appetites and instincts, we remarked that, although the instinct could not beforehand describe the object in the outer world which was designed by the Creator for its gratification, yet no sooner are the instinct and the object brought face to face with each other than instinct recognises the object as that of which it has been in pursuit. Now why should we reject the argument involved in this remarkable fact in favour of the position that an earnest conscience, alive to the sense of its spiritual destitution, and feeling the want which only an adequate conscious mediation can supply, although it cannot beforehand describe the object in the outer world, by which its felt want is to be relieved, yet, no sooner does it come face to face with the object, than, like the Ethiopian eunuch, it begins to express a glimmering recognition of it; and the Philip who, to such an inquirer "preaches Jesus," has but to preach the scriptural truth didactically to call up *from within* the energy of a living faith?

We cannot be said to have done more than moot the topic proposed for investigation, but the space at our disposal will not allow us to do more at present; and we should prefer eliciting the views of others, critically and contentiously, as a basis for further inquiry.

The objection usually urged against the instinctive origin of Christian faith is, that the object of faith being historical, it is inconsistent with the phenomena of psychology to make instinct embrace facts. This apparent difficulty is, however, capable of easy solution.

In the first place, if there were anything in the objection, it would apply with as much force to the instinctive origin of moral conviction as to that of Christian faith. For what is the foundation of morals? Not our instinctive convictions, but the circumstance that moral conduct tends to human happiness. Hence the foundation of morals is just as much his-

torical as the foundation of Christian faith. In both cases the individual instinct and the historical fact are adapted to each other. The instinct anticipates the fact.

But secondly, it is inaccurate to say that the instinct embraces the fact. It embraces only the principle. The facts also involve the principle, so that when the facts are outwardly presented, the instinctive recognition of the principle is elicited.

Such we apprehend to be the true theory, in relation both to morals and to Christian faith.

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## III.

## THE CURÉ D'ARS.\*

WE shall not suppose that any of our readers will regard as mere wasted time the hour devoted either to the perusal of this paper, or the more close and attentive interview with Miss Molyneux's volumes. Their author, it would seem, is a Protestant, a member of the Church of England, and not one of that section of the Church apparently in very close proximity to the Church of Rome; but she has been so penetrated by the power of that marvellous life that it seems to her some good may be done by the study of some of its chief features. We are far from the disposition to regard her as mistaken. Those readers to whom the life of M. Vianney is not perplexing must have a much more adroit and summary way of settling such difficulties than we possess. The appearance of possessed persons before him, the haunted rooms, the long tissue of alleged miracles wrought in his life, and wrought after death, are not very easily to be disposed of; all these affairs are said to have transpired before the eyes of multitudes, and many among those multitudes far from superstitious—on the contrary, inheriting a full proportion of French scepticism. But the character of the man was the greatest miracle of his life. No saintly hermit of the middle ages, no monastic ascetic, no anchoritic father of the desert, with whom we are acquainted, exhibits a more singular heraldry of piety and pain, of incessant maceration and vigil, of persistent attendance upon holy duties, and, we may add, kindly thoughtfulness, care, and charity for the sufferings of others,—and all this has happened in our own time. The marvellous subject of these remarks has not been long dead. For a long period of years before his death, his name was known throughout Europe, and venerated by the chief devout and acting minds of his own Church. The village of his ministry was the scene of incessant pilgrimages of thousands who poured round his confessional, either to utter their spiritual griefs, or in the hope of obtaining some relief for bodily infirmi-

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\* *The Curé d'Ars: A Memoir of Jean-Baptiste-Marie Vianney.*  
By Georgina Molyneux. Two Vols. Saunders, Otley & Co.

ties, all this has been substantially said, and is probably known to many of our readers through the pages of his biographer, M. Monnin. The author of the volumes before us puts the story into a yet more English dress ; as we have said, it is really one of those stories which startle the stereotyped ideas of modern times. The incidents may be all disbelieved and pooh-pooed ; but by so doing we seem to charter universal disbelief in all and every kind of testimony, and, believed or disbelieved, the story is unaccountable still.

Jean-Baptiste-Marie Vianney was born in 1786, in the village of Dardilly, in France—not far from the scene of all his holy exploits. His parents were, of course, earnest Catholics, and the little Jean-Marie seems almost from his infancy to have possessed even a consecrated and devoted nature—especially an intense love and ardent taste for prayer, and what our readers will regard as not so innocent a taste, an intense love and devotion to the Holy Virgin. His father was a farmer, and not altogether in poor, though in humble, circumstances. The little lad was early sent to labour in the fields, to keep sheep, and engage in other such farm-house occupations. Those were not days when, either in France or elsewhere, there was much possibility for the education of such children as young Vianney—moreover, it was the time of the French Revolution. Infidelity was abroad, the churches were desecrated and closed, the priests were driven into exile or to the scaffold, save some few who wandered to and fro, and met the faithful people at the peril of their lives in the woods, and caves, and fields. Vianney's parents were among the devoted and faithful. The old man, when his fame had spread throughout his church, was often wont to speak of the experiences of his childhood as among the happiest in his life. He had in his house little hiding places, whither he retired to pray, and in long winter evenings he was generally conversing with his mother about God, and heaven, and holy subjects.

Not far from the village of Dardilly is a beautiful valley ; a lovely river runs through it—on either side rich meadow, wood, and pasture-land. The place is called *Chante Merle*, from the name of the bird whose song is constantly heard there. This was the chief grazing land of the Vianneys, and here the little shepherd spent the principal part of his time with his ass and sheep. “How happy I was,” he said less than a month before his death, “when I had only my sheep and my ass to take care of !” “Poor little grey ass ! he was full thirty years old when we lost him. At that time I could pray to God quite at my ease ; my head was not overtaxed then as it is now—it was as a running

"stream, which had only to follow its natural bent. When I was "alone in the field," continued he, "I prayed aloud ; when I "was in company, I prayed silently. If, now that I cultivate "souls, I had time to think of my own, pray and meditate as in "the days when I cultivated my father's land, how happy I "should be ! when I lay down on the ground with the others, "and pretended to sleep, but I prayed to God with all my heart. "Oh, those were happy days !" Possibly many a minister of many another church will be disposed to echo the pathetic words of the good Curé. The first communion of the lad was performed in a stable, but it produced a deep impression on his mind ; on so simple and real a nature, we can conceive it to have produced more impression than would a similar service in St. Peter's or any of the gorgeous churches of his faith ; in fact, his whole life, like the life of Eugénie Guérin, only even more so than hers, was passed in a succession of most simple services. The magnificent piles, the rich rhetorical music, the gorgeous robes and dresses with which Rome decorates her altars were quite unknown to his experience. The churches of Paris disgusted Eugénie Guérin, and made her sigh for her simple village church. We can conceive they would have had a like effect on the village priest. We have already said that he was born in unfavourable times and circumstances—it was long before the temples of France were re-opened ; and Vianney was a youth far advanced, and probably had very few of the most rudimental elements of knowledge. There came, however, a priest to the neighbourhood of Dardilly, M. Belley, a man of conscience, purity, and character, tried by the severest persecution through many years, and the old priest soon seems to have detected the extraordinary holiness of the lad, whose vocation to the priesthood had already been predicted by many of those neighbours who had known him best. Through him he was introduced to a Roman Catholic seminary, where, however, he exhibited such an utter backwardness in all secular and classical studies and pursuits, that it seemed very doubtful whether he would pass the ordeal necessary for ordination ; and this absence of all that is usually called knowledge characterised him to the close of his career : he amazed, throughout his life, the doctors and masters of his Church by his ignorance in all matters of scholastic theology, conjoined to the richness and profoundness of his theological perceptions. No doubt, from the first to the last, he became a theologian on his knees. Is it not Coleridge who tells us that half an hour of earnest prayer and meditation teaches more than months spent with books ? It is no part of our intention to describe all the difficulties which lay in the



way of the young student's entrance upon the work of the priesthood. Through some informality in the registering of his name, he was called to enter the army; from this, however, in a very extraordinary and romantic manner, he emancipated himself; and, after pursuing for some time his studies, he was examined before the Catholic College of Lyons. He was found to be utterly deficient in intellectual attainments, but his piety was extraordinary, his character high and excellent; upon the inquiry of the bishop, he was declared by all to be a model of piety. "Then," said the bishop, "I will receive him; grace will do the rest:" and in this instance, it would seem, the bishop made no mistake. Henceforth, as our readers know, his life was such as to set all ordinary calculations about human nature at defiance; he becomes another of those strange mysteries of our humanity which the Church of Rome loves to parade before the eyes of the world, as well as of its votaries. In the course of time, in the year 1818, he was appointed to the cure d'Ars, a little village in the principality of Dombes, a sweet rural neighbourhood, it seems, on the banks of the river Fontblin. It is said, as the village steeple first came in sight, as he was wending his way towards the future scene of his labours, he knelt down and besought a blessing on the village and on his future relation to it; it would seem that the prayer was very remarkably answered. He laboured with such an intense conscientiousness, and through so long a course of years, that it would indeed be marvellous had he produced no effect on his parish. He was of the school of St. Alphonse de Liguori, St. François de Sales, and St. Vincent de Paul; he was an ascetic, and his acts of ascetic piety almost make the reader shudder. How strange is this! there is no evidence of any demand made for such acts from the life or words of Christ or of His apostles. He set himself earnestly to reform abuses. Romantic stories are told of the way in which he sought to put down the village fairs and turbulent assemblies, and to create a love and a reverence for the Lord's-day. He used to say to the villagers, "I know of two sure ways of becoming poor,—these are to work on Sundays, and to take that which belongs to another." How unlike what we have seen in France is the following little anecdote!—

"I was at Ars," relates the Abbé Renard, "during the time of the hay harvest. With the exception of some short intervals, of which the inhabitants had availed themselves to cut their grass, it had rained continuously through the week. Nevertheless, although on Sunday the weather was magnificent, and the hay lay all over the country, after being exposed for several days to constant wet, not a

haymaker was to be seen in the fields. I met an honest labouring man, and, wishing to prove him, I said, 'But, my friend, your harvest will be spoilt.' 'I have no fears,' replied he. 'He who has bestowed the harvest upon us has power to preserve it to us. Our holy Curé has forbidden us to work on the Sunday, and we must obey him.'

Beneath the inspiring influence of its minister, Ars began to assume a grave and religious aspect, distinguishing it from all the neighbouring country. Lacordaire, who knew the Curé, and visited his parish, has described it thus :—

The public ways were covered with a multitude in their holiday costume ; every age and class appeared, with their hopes and their fears ; all tempered by a higher sentiment of life—a fraternal joy animated every countenance—the servant drew nearer to his master, the poor man ventured to approach closer to the rich, and everyone, by the consciousness of having fulfilled the same duty, and of having received the same grace, more sensibly felt themselves the children of the same heavenly Father.

Such descriptions are testimonies to the power and piety of any minister in any communion ; but we soon find ourselves surrounded by alleged facts, to ordinary minds, altogether inconceivable and incomprehensible. M. Vianney, as may be supposed, belonged to a class of men which more worldly natures are not very able to understand, still less to comprehend ; he had a simple and perfectly unhesitating faith in all the usages and superstitions of his Church. We have referred to his severe life of maceration, his all but entire abstinence from food, his frequent scourgings ; to these, with more pleasure, we add that he gave up also what little property he possessed, he sold a house which had cost him 20,000 francs, investing the capital in what he called his Providence, or orphanage. In the erection of this building he became himself architect, mason, and carpenter ; and for a quarter of a century this institution continued to flourish somewhat as Mr. Müller's at Bristol, without any visible means of support, sustained, apparently, solely by his prayers : thus he rescued many from a vagrant life, and its sad consequences of wretchedness and sin. But what are we to think of miracles wrought there ? And of M. Vianney as a French Elisha or Elijah ? We must present our readers with these curious instances.

The facts, as recorded, are these. One day the matrons found their store of flour very nearly exhausted, and their provision of bread entirely so. There being no baker in the village, the Superior of the house, Benoite Lardet, was utterly at a loss what steps to take. One of the directresses proposed to her companion, Jeanne-Marie

Chaney, to bake the little flour that remained. "I have thought of that," was the reply; "but we must first ask the advice of the Curé."

Jeanne-Marie went accordingly, and confided her embarrassment to the *holypriest*.

"Sir," said she, "the miller has not sent us our flour, and we have only enough to make two loaves at the most."

"Put some leaven into what flour you have," replied M. Vianney, "close your kneading-trough, and to-morrow act as if nothing were amiss."

This advice was taken, and precisely carried out.

"I do not know how it happened," said Jeanne-Marie Chaney, "but certain it is, that in proportion as I kneaded the dough, it rose up under my hand. I poured in water: the more I added, the more the dough swelled and thickened, so that in a few minutes the kneading trough was filled up to the brim; we made, as usual, an ovenful of great loaves, weighing from twenty to five-and-twenty pounds each. It was as if instead of a handful of flour we had had a sack."

This history has been related in all its details by Jeanne-Marie Chaney, by Catherine Lassagne, and Jeanne and Marie Filliat. With respect to its miraculous nature, these simple-minded and devoted women never entertained the shadow of a doubt. "Oh, how happy were we to eat that bread!" said they.

On another occasion there was an utter failure of every description of food. The house was without corn, or flour, or money. The Curé thought that God had abandoned him, on account of his sins. In the greatest distress, he summoned the Superior of the establishment. "We must then send our poor children away," said he, "since we can no longer supply them with bread." Before coming to this extremity, he determined once more to visit his granary. Slowly he ascended the steps, and, as it is stated, with a vague feeling of mingled hope and fear he opened the door: the granary was full of corn. Radiant with astonishment and delight, he hastened to his orphans, and announced to them that a wonderful miracle had been wrought in their favour. "I distrusted Providence, my poor little ones," said he; "I was on the point of sending you away. The good God has punished me well." This was his favourite reflection, when he received any special mark of Divine favour. He regarded it as a loving chastisement for his want of faith.

The news of this prodigy soon spread beyond the walls of the establishment, where it had been received with tears of joy and cries of amazement. The Mayor of Ars came with a numerous attendance of the chief men in the neighbourhood, to see the *miraculous corn*. The miller was also summoned, and, whilst he filled his sacks, he acknowledged that he never had handled such beautiful wheat.

These are specimens; there are plenty more of a like order, and yet more wonderful; especially we come to a period in the



life of our priest, and a long period too, running from the years 1825 to 1842, when the priest and his household were plagued and haunted by demons. We shall not attempt to condense, and we have no space to quote, these extraordinary stories. They are quite as remarkable,—indeed more remarkable, because more protracted,—than the unsolved mysteries of the Wesley Rectory at Epworth; in a word, we have in this singular biography another of those instances in which the ordinary ways of nature are quite contemned—natural laws are inverted and involved, and the invisible world is put altogether into that free and familiar relationship to man, in which it is the great delight of Roman Catholic writers to exhibit it. Meantime, we have to notice also, that for many years M. Vianney suffered a long course of persecution from his brethren in the ministry; by the surrounding priests, he was preached against. “At that time,” said he afterwards, with gentle irony, “the gospel was let alone in the pulpits; they preached only about the poor Curé d’Ars.” A neighbouring minister wrote to him, “M. le Curé, no man that is not possessed of more theological knowledge than yourself, ought ever to enter the confessional;” and the letter continued in a similar vein of caustic reflection. A large ecclesiastical meeting was convened for the purpose of representing his zeal to the bishop, and imploring his censure upon him, especially upon the score of his want of learning and knowledge in matters of casuistry; but when this was represented to the bishop, he replied, “I do not know whether he is learned, but I do know that he is enlightened.” And as to the spirit of Vianney himself, it may be gathered from the following beautiful sentiments expressed:—

“The cross,” cried he, in reply, “the cross can never destroy our peace. . . . It is the fear of the cross which magnifies our crosses. A cross borne with simplicity, and without the self-love which exaggerates our pain, ceases to be a cross. . . . We complain of suffering; we should have much more reason to complain if we did not suffer, because there is nothing which renders us more like our Lord than to carry His cross. Oh, beautiful union of the soul with the Lord Jesus Christ, by the efficacy and the love of His cross! I do not understand how a Christian can flee from the cross. Is it not also fleeing from Him who was nailed upon it, and who died upon it for us?”

Another time he said, “Contradiction brings us to the foot of the cross, and the cross brings us to heaven. . . . Those only are truly happy who are at peace with God in the midst of all the troubles of life. . . . Pain is sweet when it is suffered in union with our Saviour; and then it is but for a moment. . . .”

And what matters a moment's suffering? If we could pass a few days in heaven, we should then know the value of this moment's pain. We should think no cross heavy enough, no trial bitter enough. . . ."

Worn out, however, by his severe disciplines, and persecutions, and labours, in 1843, he seemed near death; the whole village was in weeping, the bells were tolling while the services of his church were going on, for the minister, who seemed within a few moments of his end; when again a miracle meets us—a neighbouring minister performed mass for his recovery at the altar of St. Philomene; at the same moment, it is said, he fell into a tranquil sleep, and his recovery commenced. The enthusiastic village, however, was not satisfied with this simple statement, which might make recovery to turn upon coincidence; it was said that St. Philomene herself had appeared to him, and that a mysterious interview had taken place, which, to the last day of his life, imparted consolation to him. In fact, throughout, the story of this singular man seems lifted away from the human side of things, and miracles throng us as we pass along the pages. There was a human side—it was in his intense yearning for solitude; and shortly after his recovery he fled from his parish, and continued, while the whole of his parishioners were lost in grief and wonder, unknown in some place of voluntary exile; but the country and the church seemed roused to discover him and bring him back, and at last the poor fugitive was discovered scarcely able to walk. Even then, as they passed by a church, "Let us go in," he said. They knelt before the altar, and when they rose were surprised to find the church filled with people, who had detected the saint, and had thronged in to receive his blessing, and to whom he had, weak as he was, to speak. As he was brought back to Ars, the whole neighbourhood pressed out to meet him, as if some conqueror or royal personage was coming that way; the workmen forsook their work—it was the harvest season—the labourers forsook their fields, the women their homes; sentries were placed along the road to announce from afar his arrival; as he was seen, the cry arose along the crowd, "*Voilà le saint.*" The multitudes threw themselves on their knees before him as he passed, some kissing his feet, multitudes seeking to touch his clothing; and so he was carried into the crowded church, amidst the joy and adoration of the people, that they possessed their curé again. It is impossible to read these things of such a man, whose greatness was simply in that he was able to pray, who had no intellectual gifts, no other power, or property, or possession, and not marvel at such things. Most ministers of any denomination, church, or parish, would

be simply allowed to part with indifference, if not got rid of upon any terms; there certainly is some difference. Twice again he attempted to escape from the ministry, of course without effect. We can scarcely wonder at the attempts to escape, if we are at all to rely upon the statements which have reached us with reference to his incessant crowd of cares and occupations; in fact, the whole Catholic world kept up a stream of incessant pilgrimages to the Curé d'Ars. There is something hyperbolic when the writer of these volumes says, "It has indeed been doubted whether any other man in the present age has enjoyed so universal a reputation. Bishops, and some of them highly eminent and intellectual men like Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, came to him for edification and advice, or sought him for his blessing before they entered upon their diocese; the great Lacordaire went to him to seek counsel and instruction and the post poured letters before him, imploring an interest in his prayers." We look at him through these pages, and his whole life appears like that of an inspired idiot or lunatic, contradicting all our ordinary impressions of men and things; yet great men never approached him without being impressed by the sense of his wisdom and gifted insight. His incessant and entirely unpremeditated talking in the pulpit, wholly divested of all art of composition, and every rhetorical effect, was listened to by men of the world, the greatest doctors and ministers of his Church, and by innumerable multitudes, all of whom seemed always to feel that they had gained especially what we think Mr. Matthew Arnold would call "light and sweetness," from his lips. Sometimes even difficult matters were brought to him for his advice and judgment, in theology or in Church usage, and it was said, when he spoke, a veil seemed to fall from the eyes; and his few words, for he never spoke many upon any subject—in the pulpit and out of it he was always sententious and clear—seemed to throw light upon the most difficult points of questions. Once an astonished priest, who found in the Curé light he had failed to find in worlds of books, said to him, "M. le Curé, where did you learn your theology?" and M. Vianney merely pointed to his *prie-Dieu*. This was no doubt true; we would almost hazard the assertion that he never read a book in his life, excepting, of course, the Scriptures and the offices of the Church.

From the description we have given, our readers will gather that there was not much difference between the Curé in conversation and in the pulpit; he was exceedingly simple and humble, but his words fell from him usually with authority; judging from those we have seen, they came into the mind with a self-



evidencing power of light, sententious and quaint, with a quaintness like that we associate with Herbert or Vaughan; there was plenty of illustration at his command, very striking and telling in that quaint and angular fashion. Let us select a few instances of his speech.

"M. the Curé, what should a man do in order to become a true Christian?" one asked of him.

"My friend, he must learn to love God."

"And how to attain to this love of God?"

"Ah! my friend, humility! humility! It is our pride which prevents our becoming saints; pride is the chain of the chaplet of all the vices; humility, the chain of the chaplet of all the virtues."

"Our sins are as a grain of sand, by the side of the mountain of God's mercies."

"Good Christians are like birds with large wings and small claws, and which never touch the ground, lest they should be taken, and not able to mount up again. They make their nests upon the summits of rocks, the roofs of houses, and other elevated places; and so the Christian should always keep upon the heights. As soon as we allow our thoughts to gravitate towards the earth, we too are seized and taken."

"The earth is a bridge, upon which we pass over the water; its sole use isto support our feet. . . . We are in the world, but we are not of the world, since we say every day, '*Our Father, which art in heaven.*' . . . We must, then, await our reward, till we are at home in the paternal house; that is why Christians are exposed to crosses, contradictions, adversities, scorn, calumnies. So much the better! . . .

"Without the death of Jesus Christ, the united efforts of every man that has ever existed would be unable to expiate one sin, even the smallest untruth."

"The world passes away, and we pass away with it. Kings, emperors, all disappear, all are engulfed in that eternity from whence no man returns. One thing only is of moment, that is, to save the soul. . . . God has placed us for a little time in this world, in order to exercise our faith and love, but no one remains here. If we were wise, we should never cease to lift our eyes towards heaven, our true country; but on the contrary we allow ourselves to be carried hither and thither by the world, by riches, by temporal enjoyments, and we little heed the only thing which should occupy our thoughts."

"Look at the saints, how detached they were from this world, and from all material considerations! with what contempt and indifference they regarded all earthly things! A holy monk, having lost his parents, suddenly found himself the possessor of great wealth. 'How long,' he asked of the friends who brought him the news, 'how long is it since my parents died?' 'Three weeks,' they replied. 'Tell me if a person who is dead can inherit.' Assuredly not.' 'Ah, well

then, I, who have been dead twenty years, cannot possibly inherit from those who have been dead only three weeks.' Ah, the saints understood the nothingness, the vanity of this world, and the happiness of forsaking all for the bright hope of eternal blessedness.

"Go from world to world, from kingdom to kingdom, from riches to riches, from pleasure to pleasure, you will never find your happiness. The entire universe could no more satisfy an immortal soul than a grain of wheat could satisfy the craving appetite of a starving man."

The good man could never be induced to have his likeness taken, and became ludicrous in some of his efforts to evade the artists, who went to Ars for that purpose. The railway poured multitudes of visitors into his village to see him. He was never on the rail in his life; and although it came within a little distance, it is even doubtful whether he ever saw it. His life, in its perfect absorption, was yet more absorbed than that of Kant, who took his daily mechanical walk, and was never four miles in his life from his home, while occupying himself with the conditions and laws of universal being. M. Vianney had been farther away from his fields of labour than this implies; but, for the greater number of his years, he seems to have known no other walk than that from his house to his church, or to some sick or dying parishioner, who needed his prayer. But his acquaintance with men, with the life of temptation, and the world of the heart, must have been upon the most immense scale; and the characters he met with, or who came to him for instruction and confession, must frequently have presented to him pages of human knowledge compensating for and quite transcending his ignorance in the world of books. Of course, this also is surrounded with a haze of romance and miracle; some of the wonderful stories are believable enough in so humble, benevolent, and extraordinary a man.

A robber, who had managed to penetrate into the presbytery, found in a drawer some pewter spoons and forks, which he appropriated; and he was busily occupied, satisfying his hunger with the bread of the orphans, in the Providence, when M. Vianney surprised him: "What are you doing there, my friend?" "I am hungry, M. the Curé." After having bestowed alms upon his unceremonious visitor with a liberal hand, the Curé, who recognised the "*argenterie*" in his hands, exclaimed, "Save yourself, my friend!—save yourself quickly, lest they should arrest you!"

He went himself to warn a woman, who had robbed him of nine hundred francs, that the *gens d'armes* were in quest of her.

He gave a pension to another, in order to allure her back from a life of dishonesty.

The following belongs more clearly to the region of the hypothetical; it is mentioned in illustration of his power of penetrating the thoughts and reading the hearts of others: that he possessed this in an extraordinary manner is certain; but his enthusiastic admirers, of course, will have it that he was clair-voyant also, and saw through all the veils of time and space.

A highwayman, the terror of travellers, who had long haunted the roads and highways for the purpose of robbery and plunder, and who was known to have perpetrated many frightful crimes and excesses, suddenly became the victim of a severe and painful illness. In his extremity, he was told that those invalids who went to Ars immediately obtained their cure; and he determined, as he said, to try his chance also. Accordingly, he presented himself to the Curé. Vianney, at first, refused to receive him, and the indignant suppliant was preparing to take his departure, when the idea occurred to him to make yet another effort, and he returned to the church. M. Vianney saw him, and caused him to be summoned to his presence. He entered the sacristy, saying to himself, "M. the Curé will have me confess, but I can do that according to my own idea." When he had made his pretended confession, M. Vianney, who had hitherto kept silence, said, "Is that all?" "Yes," replied the penitent. "But," responded the sagacious priest, "you have not told me that on such a day, in such a place, you committed such a crime." He then related to his astonished hearer the whole history of his life, and with more exactness of detail than he himself could have recorded it.

Such was the man; and his does not seem a character very easily spelt out, or fitted into the groove of ordinary experience; it must be admitted, appearing in this age, such an apparition is especially remarkable. He lived and died in an atmosphere of almost fanatical reverence, and there are few things about him which permit us to falter in our own reverential regards. A man of whom we cannot find that he uttered one harsh or bitter word, or performed one unkind act,—from whom there constantly seemed to emanate the fragrance of piety, and purity, self-denial, and good-will,—must scarcely be laughed at, because in addition to these excellent attributes, he had a taste unquenchable for hunger and vigils, for poverty and mortifications. These we suppose, however, gave to him that air of command as of a conqueror, that dazzling and radiant eye, and that directness of wise speech, all of which were manifest from behind his gentleness and humility. Ignorant of the great world beyond and around him, he lived like a hermit of the desert, or an anchorite in his cave, the beloved and revered, not only by the multitudes, but by the noble family of the Vicomte d'Ars, his parishioners, and by his excellent and sympathetic bishop;



neither of whom, however, could ever, when he was compelled to dine with them, draw him away from his habits of abstinence. He died in 1859, going through his indescribably arduous toil till the close of his career. As might be supposed, the multitude assembled at his funeral was enormous; about six thousand people gathered round his grave, in addition to the three hundred priests, the representatives of chateaux, monasteries, and convents in the neighbourhood and throughout France. It is said, as the coffin was lowered in the grave, one cry or wail of irrepressible grief burst from the lips of the great multitude, which seemed rather like the immense mass doing honour to some great conqueror or king, than to the poor minister of a small village. Then the Bishop Belley took his place at the head of the grave, and pronounced the discourse which is printed at the close of these volumes; and, Protestants as we are, it may be admitted, we think, that seldom have the words of his text had a more fitting application: "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter into the joy of thy Lord."

We must leave our readers to make their own reflections on this life, which seems little less remarkable than some well-authenticated ghost story, leaving on the mind the impression of the astonishing, and defying at once all attempts at solution or belief; we must add also, equally defying a reasonable disbelief. We can scarcely call the life of the Curé d'Ars inimitable, but it was assuredly admirable.

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## IV.

## GEORGE ELIOT AS A POET.\*

THOSE reviewers have certainly the capacity for flattery, ('tis not often, unless the necessity be laid upon them by private relationship, a reviewer's foible,) who have placed the *Spanish Gypsy* by the side of *Aurora Leigh*,—George Eliot by the side of Elizabeth Browning. In the department in which this author has walked, she has unquestionably attained pre-eminence as a poet of a very high order, not only by the nervous compression of her language, but by the introduction of scenes of powerful and highly wrought passion; but there is a wide difference still—perhaps an undefinable difference—between the poet and the prose writer, even when that prose holds some of the finest attributes of the highest order of poetry. As to the analogy which has been suggested by more than one leading journal, it seems to us to terminate in the fact that, in spite of the pseudonym, or rather *nom de plume*, on the title-page of the *Spanish Gypsy*, it, like *Aurora Leigh*, is the work of a woman; in other respects it is no more like it than is the *Mort d'Arthur* to *Paradise Lost*, or *Hamlet* to the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The structure of the poem is unlike it. *Aurora Leigh* is an epic, —if not an epic, we know not beneath what order of poetry it may be classed; the *Spanish Gypsy*, is dramatic, although our ideas of the construction of dramatic composition are set at defiance by the introduction of passages in which the author supplies what would otherwise be an hiatus. The characters do not work out the story for themselves without this aid from the author. It is trifling to say that both the age and the scenery of the poems widely differ, as also the characters, as much as the middle ages can differ from the present, or English people from Spaniards. The evolutions of the stories are different. *Aurora Leigh* deals with some of the vexed questions of our time, and woman's place in relation to them; it is a social, and yet a personal poem: extraordinary as are some of its incidents, they are yet of the ordinary woof of our every-day

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\* *The Spanish Gypsy: a Poem. By George Eliot.* William Blackwood & Sons.

circumstances; and the pathetic passions which are aroused, seem born of ordinary situations. The incidents of the *Spanish Gypsy* are wildly unusual, and have about them that magnificent but unreal, gleam which great circumstances assume when looked at through the veil and haze of the remote past. Both are, no doubt, poems of passion; but this is scarcely sufficient to constitute an analogy. The passion of the *Spanish Gypsy* is like that of a blood-red sunset; it is concentrated on an incident or two, and the more brief poem is lit up, from first to last, with either the premonitory blaze and prophecy of passions to come, or passions in their tempest. *Aurora Leigh* is more finely reticent; noble passions kindle again and again across its pages, and sometimes strike in strong strokes of satire, like lightning; but the passion throughout the poem, and especially towards the close, is like a blessed summer rain falling in refreshment upon parched earth or parched hearts. The characteristic of *Aurora Leigh* is its compressed wisdom, its sententious axiomatic power, like that of the greatest masters of verse, in which two or three lines give the pith and power of a whole poem; the characteristic of the *Spanish Gypsy* is its frequent, even painful, diffuseness. Words flow harmoniously, grandly along, reflecting loveliness in illustration and expression; still the reader feels that they are diffuse, spread out, and in this it often contrasts singularly with the opposite characteristics in *Adam Bede*, or *Felix Holt*, or, indeed, in any of the author's prose works. The situations in which we find the characters in *Aurora Leigh* are homely, sometimes almost idyllic; they can never, we think, be called romantic: the interest is in the hearts of the persons themselves, never in their surroundings. All the situations of the *Spanish Gypsy* are intensely romantic: perhaps it is impossible to conceive of circumstances in Spain untinted by romance; but these have a special unlikeliness, and an extravagance of impossibility. Perhaps here a point of resemblance may be found in the improbability alike of the conception of Marian Earle in *Aurora Leigh*, and Fedelma; both are social outcasts, and in both it must be admitted there is a grandeur of moral character, a high sublimity of moral sentiment, capable of realizing itself in noble self-renunciation and action; but the development of the characters differ so widely, the motives of conduct are so far apart, that this forms far too thin a thread for any other than a ligature for contrast, rather than comparison; and, in a word, while *Aurora Leigh* is a great painting, in which every character, distinctly drawn, fixes the eye by the interest we feel in its story, like the rich colourings of Paul Veronese, or the noble lines of Leonarda del Vinci's best painting. The *Spanish Gypsy* is rather like one of those smaller pictures, in which the glow of sunny colour spread over the canvas charms and



delights, without compelling us to any very keen interest in the story it attempts to tell. It is a beautiful little poem; but it can only be by some incomprehensible fatality of criticism that a place can be assigned to it near the side of Mrs. Browning's poems; nor should we have dreamt of venturing on this contrast at all, which can only be forced and unnatural, but for that criticism which, not in ignorance, but in servile adulation to the merits of a great author, mentioned together names and gifts of genius so widely apart. One remark also may be made here: the lyrical power was, in an eminent degree, the property of Mrs. Browning, although not introduced in *Aurora Leigh*. A number of lyrics are strewn across the pages of the *Spanish Gypsy*; but, with perhaps one exception, and that not a pleasant one, the *Song of the Zincali*, they do not exhibit any power over that wonderful manipulation of language, in which metre becomes the marvellous and expressive melody of song. All this said, we have still a very impressive and beautiful poem, in which gypsies and princes and bigoted Church inquisitors play their various parts, in the time when the Inquisition was prosecuting its cruel work in Spain, and gypsies and moors possessed the power to disturb its quiet. The Spanish Gypsy is Fedelma, a young girl, whose extraordinary beauty, and, we may suppose also, her fine moral attributes, have won the love and betrothal of Don Silva, a Spanish duke, of large power and property. On the very eve of their marriage, her father, the gypsy monarch of a powerful tribe, whom his daughter has never hitherto seen or known, is taken prisoner, and brought to the palace where she is residing and abiding until her marriage. He discovers his daughter; she can do no other than contrive his escape, but is compelled to flee with him: thus the hope of her life is shivered, but not perfectly and effectually, until, in the close, when her lover has followed her to the gypsy camp, and, by an immense feat of poetical imagination, has been able to relinquish his nationality and every dignity of station and possession, in order that he may win his bride, whom yet he does not win. He finds he has only betrayed his trust, and unconsciously brought about the slaughter of his friends. He disowned his oath to the Zincali, and struck the death-blow of Fedelma's father. Our readers will gather from this outline how wild and improbable are the foundations of the story; but amidst this painful and agonizing complication of circumstances, opportunities are afforded for the exhibition of fine scenes of tragic passion, which are more interesting than the tale itself. Complication of circumstance is, perhaps, the novelist's favourite test of power; certainly, it is one of the charms of the novels of

George Eliot: to the poet it is not always so essential; but it is certainly made to be the pivot of the action and passion in the poem before us. There is more by far of Schiller than of Elizabeth Browning, in the *Spanish Gypsy* much of that wild, seething passion, that daring, doubtful involution of plot, which gave a rapturous reception to the *Robbers*, and charm with a more modified and chastened influence in *Wallenstein* or the *Piccolomini*. But no reviewer can render by any extracts the passion of a story, for this the reader must turn to the work itself. There are many striking situations, which, while not apart from, but closely related to, the texture of the whole story, have a passionate beauty and independent force of their own; thus the sophistries of the prior, Father Isidor, who meditates denouncing Fedelma to the Inquisition, in order that he may break the possibility of her marriage with Don Silva, seems to be well rendered. Probably in a similar way thousands of churchmen have, for similar ends, argued down conscience. The soliloquy is too long to quote entirely.

*A vaulted room, all stone. The light shed from a high lamp. Wooden chairs, a desk, book shelves. The PRIOR, in white frock, a black rosary with a crucifix of ebony and ivory at his side, walking up and down, holding a written paper in his hands, which are clasped behind him.*

What if this witness lies? he says he heard her  
Counting her blasphemies on a rosary,  
And, in a bold discourse with Salomo,  
Say that the Host was nought but ill-mixed flour,  
That it was mean to pray—she never prayed.  
I know the man who wrote this for a cur,  
Who follows Don Diego, sees life's good  
In scraps my nephew flings to him. What then?  
Particular lies may speak a general truth.  
I guess him false, but know her heretic—  
Know her for Satan's instrument, bedecked  
With heathenish charms, luring the souls of men  
To damning trust in good unsanctified.  
Let her be prisoned—questioned—she will give  
Witness against herself, that were this false . . .

*(He looks at the paper again and reads, then again thrusts it behind him.)*

The matter and the colour are not false:  
The form concerns the witness, not the judge;  
For proof is gathered by the sifting mind,  
Not given in crude and formal circumstance.  
Suspicion is a heaven-sent lamp, and I—  
I, watchman of the Holy Office, bear  
That lamp in trust. I will keep faithful watch.  
The Holy Inquisition's discipline  
Is mercy, saving her, if penitent—  
God grant it!—else—root up the poison-plant,

Though 'twere a lily with a golden heart !  
This spotless maiden with her pagan soul  
Is the arch-enemy's trap : he turns his back  
On all the prostitutes, and watches her  
To see her poison men with false belief  
In rebel virtues.

O God, Thou knowest that my will is pure.  
Thy servant owns nought for himself, his wealth  
Is but obedience. And I have sinned  
In keeping small respects of human love—  
Calling it mercy. Mercy ! Where evil is,  
True mercy must be terrible. Mercy would save.  
Save whom ? Save serpents, locusts, wolves ?  
Or out of pity let the idiots gorge  
Within a famished town ? Or save the gains  
Of men who trade in poison lest they starve ?  
Save all things mean and foul that clog the earth,  
Stifling the better ? Save the fools who cling  
For refuge round their hideous idol's limbs,  
So leave the idol grinning unconsumed,  
And save the fools to breed idolators ?  
O mercy worthy of the licking hound  
That knows no future but its feeding time !  
Mercy has eyes that pierce the ages—sees,  
From heights divine of the eternal purpose,  
Far-scattered consequence in its vast sum ;  
Chooses to save, but with illumined vision  
Sees that to save is greatly to destroy.  
'Tis so the Holy Inquisition sees : its wrath  
Is fed from the strong heart of wisest love ;  
For love must needs make hatred. He who loves  
God and His laws must hate the foes of God.  
And I have sinned in being merciful :  
Being slack in hate, I have been slack in love.

*(He takes the crucifix, and holds it up before him.)*

Thou shuddering, bleeding, thirsting, dying God,  
Thou Man of sorrows, scourged and bruised and torn—  
Suffering to save—wilt Thou not judge the world ?  
This arm which held the children, this pale hand  
That gently touched the eyelids of the blind,  
And opened passive to the cruel nail,  
Shall one day stretch to leftward of Thy throne,  
Charged with the power that makes the lightning strong,  
And hurl Thy foes to everlasting hell.  
And thou Immaculate Mother, Virgin mild,  
Thou sevenfold-pierced, thou pitying, pleading Queen,  
Shalt see and smile, while the black filthy souls  
Sink with foul weight to their eternal place,  
Purging the Holy Light. Yea, I have sinned,  
And called it mercy. But I shrink no more.  
To-morrow morn this temptress shall be safe !  
Under the Holy Inquisition's key.  
He thinks to wed her, and defy me then,



She being shielded by our house's name.  
But he shall never wed her. I have said.

The time is come. *Exurge Domine,*  
*Judica causam tuam.* Let Thy foes  
Be driven as the smoke before the wind,  
And melt like wax upon the furnace lip!

A very different scene of sweet pathetic effectiveness is that where Fedelma is alone with the marriage jewels Don Silva has just presented to her.

Yes, now that good seems less impossible!  
Now it seems true that I shall be his wife,  
Be ever by his side, and make a part  
In all his purposes. . . .  
These rubies greet me Duchess. How they glow!  
Their prisoned souls are throbbing like my own.  
Perchance they loved once, were ambitious, proud;  
Or do they only dream of wider life,  
Ache from intenseness, yearn to burst the wall  
Compact of crystal splendour, and to flood  
Some wider space with glory? Poor, poor gems!  
We must be patient in our prison-house,  
And find our space in loving. Pray you, love me.  
Let us be glad together.

But for all the great situations we have said, the reader must go to the book itself; it would not be possible to turn over the pages of any work by George Eliot without finding many of those closely knit syllables which often begin in poetry, but end in an unexpected turn of satire, as when Blasco speaks:—

A man's a man;  
But when you see a king, you see the work  
Of many thousand men. King Ferdinand  
Bears a fine presence, and hath proper limbs;  
But what though he were shrunk as a relic?  
You'd see the gold and gems that cased him o'er,  
And all the pages round him in brocade,  
And all the lords, themselves a sort of kings,  
Doing them reverence. That strikes an awe  
Into a common man—especially  
A judge of plate.

Or as when the host defines a poet:—

A poet, crazed with finding words  
May stick to things and seem like qualities.  
No pebble is a pebble in thy hands:  
'Tis a moon out of work, a barren egg,  
Or twenty things that no man sees but thee.

Or when Juan proposes the question as to what pleases God:—

Whether He likes  
A burnt Jew or a well-fed bishop best.

The following are fine flakes of speech ; thus of speech :—

Speech is but broken light upon the depth  
Of the unspoken : even your loved words  
Float in the larger meaning of your voice,  
As something dimmer.

And the fearfulness of love :—

Ah, yes ! all preciousness  
To mortal hearts is guarded by a fear.  
All love fears loss, and most that loss supreme  
Its own perfection—seeing, feeling change  
From high to lower, dearer to less dear.  
Can love be careless ? If we lost our love,  
What should we find ?—with this sweet Past torn off,  
Our lives deep scarred just where their beauty lay ?  
The best we found thenceforth were still a worse :  
The only better is a Past that lives  
On through an added Present, stretching still  
In hope unchecked by shaming memories  
To life's last breath.

And yet again, where Sephardo discourses of truth, and the search for it :—

The Unnameable made not the search for truth  
To suit hidalgos' temper. I abide  
By that wise spirit of listening reverence  
Which marks the boldest doctors of our race.  
For Truth, to us, is like a living child  
Born of two parents : if the parents part,  
And will divide the child, how shall it live ?  
Or, I will rather say : Two angels guide  
The path of man, both aged and yet young,  
As angels are, ripening through endless years.  
On one he leans : some call her Memory,  
And some, Tradition ; and her voice is sweet,  
With deep mysterious accords : the other,  
Floating above, holds down a lamp which streams ;  
A light divine and searching on the earth,  
Compelling eyes and footsteps. Memory yield  
Yet clings with loving check, and shines anew,  
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp  
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked,  
But for Tradition ; we walk evermore  
To higher paths, by brightening Reason's lamp.  
Still we are purblind, tottering. I hold less  
Than Aben-Ezra, of that aged lore  
Brought by long centuries from Chaldean plains ;  
The Jew-taught Florentine rejects it all.  
For still the light is measured by the eye,  
And the weak organ fails. I may see ill ;  
But over all belief is faithfulness,  
Which fulfils vision with obedience.  
So, I must grasp my morsels : truth is oft

Scattered in fragments round a stately pile  
 Built half of error ; and the eye's defect  
 May breed too much denial.

There is more passion and rapid action in the *Spanish Gypsy* than it has been for some time the fashion to expect in modern poetry ; nor would we have our rejection of the foolish comparison to which we referred in our opening sentences, to be translated as a depreciation : the works and ways of poets differ. Although so unequally written, as not to be strictly and truly in the dramatic form, unless the introduction of something like the Greek chorus is still to be allowed its place in our method, it is intensely dramatic ; the soliloquies, as in some of Byron's most famous and passionate passages, are far too long, and seem to break the sharp continuity of the action ; the whole of the piece is intensely alive and glowing ; there is a fervid earnestness about the whole action. The reader is instantly and easily transferred to the moral and scenic life of the sunny and mountainous Spain. The author, as our readers do not need to be informed, has a very marked individuality and powerful reflectiveness of character ; but in the work before us, and in all the writer's works, this is held in such perfect solution, that we are introduced to a very different order of poetry and kind of representation to that with which we have lately been called. That iteration of self, that reflection upon the poet's own feelings, that obtrusion of the individual, the writer, vanishes from these pages : the writer is quite unseen ; the pages are effective, concealing curtains before the author's individuality, and we know no more of the writer than we know of Shakespeare by reading *Macbeth*. Meantime, in every discussion, whether with the host and his guest, or with the lovers, or the father and daughter, or Don Silva and Sephardo, occur those reflective lights upon innumerable topics which show a mind keenly in contact with the present, and using the lights of the past for the purpose of reflection upon the present ; and we find no difficulty in expressing our very high admiration of the poem, while we decidedly venture to put it upon that high eminence which demands for it the concession of the greatest poem which has yet proceeded from the pen of a woman.

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## V.

“INASMUCH AS YE DID IT UNTO ONE OF THE  
LEAST OF THESE.”

MARKET RASEN PETTY SESSIONS, Monday, Aug. 3. (Before the Revs. J. T. Huntley, H. B. Boothy, and J. H. Rowley.)

*Vagrancy.*—A poor woman, named Elizabeth Toynton, was sent to prison for one month, for sending her daughter, a little girl, to beg alone in Middle Rasen parish, on the 31st of July; the daughter to go into the union.—The woman said she had been to Lincoln after her husband, who had run away from her, and married another woman. On hearing her sentence, she sunk on her knees, clasped her daughter to her breast, and asked God to have mercy on them.—*Market Rasen Mail.*

WE have extracted the above choice passage, illustrative of the manners and customs of the clerical mind of our times, thinking some of our readers, who have perhaps not seen, may be interested in seeing, this honourable illustration of priestly humanity; this fine embodiment of Christian charity in the persons of the Rev. J. T. Huntley, the Rev. H. B. Boothy, and the Rev. J. H. Rowley. This is a very interesting clerical convocation of these rectors and vicars. It may be presumed that occasionally the humane and worthy gentlemen preach, not often perhaps, as we know there are clergymen who prefer securing the services of some gaunt, pious, starving curate; and gentlemen capable of pronouncing such a sentence as that we have recorded above are not likely to have very nice notions about curates' salaries; and we should suppose a congregation would be well pleased to see the most vagrant specimen of curate humanity in the pulpit, rather than either of the above-named worthies: still, if either of them do occasionally ascend pulpit stairs, bearing a lesson of instruction to admiring parishioners, and should either Rev. Huntley, or Rev. Boothy, or Rev. Rowley need a text to stir the languid pulses of Christian sensibility, we are sure that quoted above, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me,” would furnish a fine fruitful topic for the clerical imagination. The text, if the gentlemen are learned in Claude's or Simeon's methods for treating a text, would be found to correspond with the acknowledged law of sermon-making, and might be handled in two divisions; first, retrospective—What we did; and, secondly, prospective—What we

Scattered in fragments round a stately pile  
Built half of error ; and the eye's defect  
May breed too much denial.

There is more passion and rapid action in the *Spanish Gypsy* than it has been for some time the fashion to expect in modern poetry ; nor would we have our rejection of the foolish comparison to which we referred in our opening sentences, to be translated as a depreciation : the works and ways of poets differ. Although so unequally written, as not to be strictly and truly in the dramatic form, unless the introduction of something like the Greek chorus is still to be allowed its place in our method, it is intensely dramatic ; the soliloquies, as in some of Byron's most famous and passionate passages, are far too long, and seem to break the sharp continuity of the action ; the whole of the piece is intensely alive and glowing ; there is a fervid earnestness about the whole action. The reader is instantly and easily transferred to the moral and scenic life of the sunny and mountainous Spain. The author, as our readers do not need to be informed, has a very marked individuality and powerful reflectiveness of character ; but in the work before us, and in all the writer's works, this is held in such perfect solution, that we are introduced to a very different order of poetry and kind of representation to that with which we have lately been called. That iteration of self, that reflection upon the poet's own feelings, that obtrusion of the individual, the writer, vanishes from these pages : the writer is quite unseen ; the pages are effective, concealing curtains before the author's individuality, and we know no more of the writer than we know of Shakespeare by reading *Macbeth*. Meantime, in every discussion, whether with the host and his guest, or with the lovers, or the father and daughter, or Don Silva and Sephardo, occur those reflective lights upon innumerable topics which show a mind keenly in contact with the present, and using the lights of the past for the purpose of reflection upon the present ; and we find no difficulty in expressing our very high admiration of the poem, while we decidedly venture to put it upon that high eminence which demands for it the concession of the greatest poem which has yet proceeded from the pen of a woman.

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## V.

“INASMUCH AS YE DID IT UNTO ONE OF THE  
LEAST OF THESE.”

MARKET RASEN PETTY SESSIONS, Monday, Aug. 3. (Before the Revs.  
J. T. Huntley, H. B. Boothy, and J. H. Rowley.)

*Vagrancy.*—A poor woman, named Elizabeth Toynton, was sent to prison for one month, for sending her daughter, a little girl, to beg alone in Middle Rasen parish, on the 31st of July; the daughter to go into the union.—The woman said she had been to Lincoln after her husband, who had run away from her, and married another woman. On hearing her sentence, she sunk on her knees, clasped her daughter to her breast, and asked God to have mercy on them.—*Market Rasen Mail.*

WE have extracted the above choice passage, illustrative of the manners and customs of the clerical mind of our times, thinking some of our readers, who have perhaps not seen, may be interested in seeing, this honourable illustration of priestly humanity; this fine embodiment of Christian charity in the persons of the Rev. J. T. Huntley, the Rev. H. B. Boothy, and the Rev. J. H. Rowley. This is a very interesting clerical convocation of these rectors and vicars. It may be presumed that occasionally the humane and worthy gentlemen preach, not often perhaps, as we know there are clergymen who prefer securing the services of some gaunt, pious, starving curate; and gentlemen capable of pronouncing such a sentence as that we have recorded above are not likely to have very nice notions about curates' salaries; and we should suppose a congregation would be well pleased to see the most vagrant specimen of curate humanity in the pulpit, rather than either of the above-named worthies: still, if either of them do occasionally ascend pulpit stairs, bearing a lesson of instruction to admiring parishioners, and should either Rev. Huntley, or Rev. Boothy, or Rev. Rowley need a text to stir the languid pulses of Christian sensibility, we are sure that quoted above, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me,” would furnish a fine fruitful topic for the clerical imagination. The text, if the gentlemen are learned in Claude's or Simeon's methods for treating a text, would be found to correspond with the acknowledged law of sermon-making, and might be handled in two divisions; first, retrospective—What we did; and, secondly, prospective—What we



shall get for doing it. And each department having furnished comfortable reflections to Rev. Huntley, Rev. Boothy, and Rev. Rowley, in their studies, might be a channel of edifying and comfortable reflection to their audience. How sweet the *resumé* how grateful to the feelings, the memory of that starving little vagrant and that wronged, broken-hearted, down-crushed, starving woman ! what a sublime satisfaction to the feelings of Rev. Huntley, Rev. Boothy, and Rev. Rowley, that in their way they had done their best to "put all that kind of thing down," by a delicious new receipt of literally giving a stone when asked for bread, and allaying the cravings of somewhat peremptory hunger by a month's dance on the treadmill ! The mode of dealing with the appetite is somewhat original and new ; and, set forth in a lively description from the lips of the eloquent rector or vicar, would, no doubt, be almost as good as a sensation sermon, and create astonishment by its ingenuity in the minds of the hearers. Perhaps there might be a falling off in enthusiasm when the preacher came to touch the second department of his subject,—What we shall get for doing it ; here, unfortunately, there might appear the form of One who had Himself wandered an outcast on the earth, and who had promised to vindicate the outcast's cause, and who, having apparently little appreciation for the disposition to give stones for bread, or for curing breaking hearts by sending them to the treadmill, has said that He shall dismiss such pleasant doctors rather summarily from His presence, with, "*Inasmuch as ye did it unto these, ye did it unto me. Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.*" We know not under what particular schism in the Church of England either of the Revs. may range himself ; of course, we know what they would have thought of Christ, had they been living in Christ's day : had there been treadmills and jails, their Lord would assuredly have found His way thither as a vagrant and a vagabond. Still there is the awkward text from His own lips, and although perhaps a new reading may do something, it must be admitted there is a very awkward look-out for Rev. Huntley, Rev. Boothy, and Rev. Rowley, when they have done with their rectories and glebes, their tithes and magistrates' benches. [Seriously.] If there ever is an act of petty judicial tyranny and cruelty on the bench, it is pretty sure that some clerical sits by, gives it his suffrage, or is the promoter of it. How long are these men to sit in these places, for which their sacred office ought to disqualify them ? A minister of Jesus and His gospel should have nothing to do with the administration of human laws ; he has chosen his

business, and it is different: it is to "preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of prisons to them which are bound; it is "to bind up the broken in heart, and to comfort all that mourn;" it is "to give the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The Rev. Huntley, Rev. Boothy, and Rev. Rowley exactly turn such texts as these inside out and upside-down; they give not oil, but vitriol, to the mourning, an additional gash to the broken heart. A woman's husband leaves her alone with her children starving, and, instead of giving her a sovereign out of the poor box, they send her to jail. Could the men of Sodom or Gomorrah, whose cry reached to heaven, do much worse than this? And the men are magistrates, and their like are sitting on innumerable benches in our happy England. What is this provincial bench of our country coming to?

Poor Sarah Jones, walking along on the edge of a corn-field, according to her own *uncontradicted* story, picks up two or three ears of corn to amuse her children, and receives *four days' imprisonment*, and narrowly escapes a week. Surely she will remember the harvest fields of Chester, in this poor harvest year of 1868. And this Bible of ours misleads people so; clergymen ought very carefully to explain that there is a great difference between our times and those when Jesus and His disciples walked through the corn-fields, and plucked the ears of corn, or those when Moses wrote, "When thou comest into the standing corn of thy neighbour, thou mayest pluck the ears with thine hand, but thou shalt not move a sickle into thy neighbour's standing corn." Poor Sarah Jones appeared before the magistrates with a child at her breast; but it did not avail to save her, although apparently a respectable and reputable woman, married and with children, and a husband paying his rent regularly enough for his little cottage, nothing saved poor Sarah Jones from Chester jail.

In one of the nervous personifications of Charlotte Bronte, in *Villette*, we believe, justice, instead of being represented as a beautiful and graceful woman, holding aloft the scales, is described as a withered hag, wrinkled, blear-eyed, toothless, gaunt and weird, with finger-nails ready to tear, rather than hands to bless. We should think, if the rude and probably unpoetical minds of Elizabeth Toynton and Sarah Jones could enter into the fields of personification and poetry, that would be exactly their conception of English justice, as we are afraid it certainly is ours. English justice! we wish some one would ransack the newspapers for ten years past, and gather up all these rubies and pearls; they would make a fine chaplet for the brow of

national greatness. Returning home after three months' absence on the Continent, we believe the very first piece of news we alighted on upon looking over some papers published in our absence, was the following, in the *English Independent*, June 4th, 1868 :—

A grasscutter, who, having eaten his dry meal, ventured into a yard near Harrow to slake his thirst at the pump, was given into custody, taken before a magistrate, and by him sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment in Cold-bath-fields for "begging!"

In the same paper for August 6th, 1868, we gather the following delectable little morsel :—

Mr. Newton, police magistrate for the Worship-street district, has sent a little fellow, aged ten years, to prison for a month with hard labour, for offering two rabbits for sale near a church door, on Sunday.

And therefore the Rev. Huntley, Rev. Boothy, and Rev. Rowley may take comfort to themselves; after all, they seem to represent, not only the clerical mind, when it is also the magisterial mind, but very much of the lay mind, when it mounts to the magistrates' bench. To such gentlemen the Bible is, no doubt, the most obsolete and trivial of all old books. Still, these are exactly the things against which its heaviest weight of judgment falls, in the words of old prophets, while such words as those in James leap like consuming fire upon such verdicts: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust thereof shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days." What will Mr. Robarts, who sent Sarah Jones, with a child at her breast, to Chester jail, for picking up two or three ears of corn from his field, think, if some day he happens to read in his Bible the continuing passage: "The cries of them which have reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth"? And we caution Rev. Huntley, Rev. Boothy, and Rev. Rowley not to go into their reading desk on the evening of the 12th of next December; for the Church has appointed that chapter for that very evening's service, and they will come across that very passage—"Ye have condemned the just, and he doth not (or hath not the power) to resist you."

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## VI.

## THE PEDIGREE OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.\*

IT is a nice question, raised by the discussion of the ancestry of the *True-born Englishman*; it is a sounding phrase: most of our readers will remember how old Defoe turned it into ridicule in his celebrated doggrel poem, showing how

From a mixture of all kinds began  
That heterogeneous thing, an Englishman.  
Great families of yesterday we show,  
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.

The question of high ancestry and purity of blood is one which suggests very great contradictions; for it certainly seems the case, that, however the rare Norman may be found boasting of his entrance with the Conqueror, or perhaps the Saxon, more ancient still, tracing his line up to Athelstan, or Alfred, or Horsa; the Welshman goes back a long way beyond either, boasts of his pure Celtic blood, and even of his Celtic tongue, but wins for himself little respect by his boasting; in truth, Norman craft and wealth weigh far more than Norman race; and the most ancient pedigree tells for little, unaccompanied by the strong arm or the wealthy purse. Dr. Nicholas has compiled a most interesting volume, laying under contribution, apparently, all available sources of information, for the purpose of tracing, step by step, the race-amalgamation which has issued in the compound people called English; and especially maintaining the importance of the Celt, or Ancient Briton, in leavening the whole ethnological English character. He maintains that our character is largely Celtic; he seeks to demonstrate this especially through the labours of modern philologists. Like all enthusiastic advocates an idea, Dr. Nicholas seems to us sometimes amazingly to overstate his own case; thus, when he tells us that "our present English is not, to half its extent, derived from Anglo-Saxon;"

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\* *The Pedigree of the English People; an Argument, Historical and Scientific, on English Ethnology, showing the Progress of race-amalgamation in Britian from the earliest times, with especial reference to the Incorporation of the Celtic Aborigines. By Thomas Nicholas, M.A. Ph.D. etc. Second edition. Longmans, Green, Reader and Co.*

but we understand the English language to consist of about thirty-eight thousand words—of these, twenty-three thousand, or nearly five-eighths, are of Anglo-Saxon origin, and the majority of the rest seem to be of Latin. Our excellent author says, "If the English people is more Teutonic than Celtic, more Germanic than British, let the proof be forthcoming." Surely any approximation in our language to the proportion of words we have given, must be accepted as something like proof. He almost becomes angry when the country is called Anglo-Saxon, and when the triumphs of the Anglo-Saxon language are spoken of. We quite agree with him, that a somewhat rash and inconsiderate generalization has too loudly boasted of the more Anglo-Saxon stock; yet we scarcely know in what other way the national ethnological characteristics could be generalized: surely, even Dr. Nicholas himself would not call us a Celtic people; his learned, elaborate, and scholarly attempt to show the extent to which the Celtic prevails amongst us still would almost seem ludicrous, were it pushed to that extreme. There are elements of national character which look exceedingly unlike the Celtic: the Anglican is confessedly a very mythical element, and, excepting in our own country, we seem to be unable to arrive at any distinct account of them. Frisians, Danes, or whatever may have been their relations, they seem sufficiently distinct from the Saxon to justify the designation; and the peoples of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the whole of Northumbria, differ sufficiently from the people of Sussex, Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Kent, to justify the distinctive designations, and the wider representative generalization. The course of such an inquiry is very entertaining; but, with Defoe, we are compelled to believe, as a nation, we are a most heterogeneous and marvellous mixture. Fortunately, the old Celtic stock in Great Britain, until very recently, has been able to preserve itself almost entirely uncorrupted, whether the Gael among the remote mountains of Scotland, or the Welshman among the, until very lately, almost inaccessible mountains and valleys of Wales; thus philological things are much more susceptible of close examination and easy detection than with us; so also of ethnological features. Wales is a very small territory: it kept itself for a long time free from much intercourse with us; and the smaller the area of ethnological observation, when that area is fitted for observation at all, the more accurate and important for induction are the observations likely to be. England confuses and confounds ethnological study more perhaps than any spot on the earth; in Europe, assuredly, there is no such mixture: only in those new settlements and colonies of the West can we trace any approach to it; with us, however, successive importations of foreign soil have largely affected the national character.

The immense deportation of the French in one age, under Louis XIV., the large emigration of the Flemings in another, are only illustrations of those peaceful invasions which, during many centuries, have been flowing in on our shores; while they do not take into account those larger tides,—Danish, Saxon, and Norman. We wish Dr. Nicholas had devoted some attention to the section of the subject which has seldom received inquiry or thought,—the extent to which the Latin, or Roman, element has mingled in the formation of the national character. We speak of ourselves as Anglo-Saxons—a term, by the by, more than criticised, almost renounced now. Men like Dr. Nicholas would greatly under-rate this influence, and, we think, far too largely find the Celtic element on this side the Severn or the Dee; but what went with that large Roman element which settled here? On the whole, the Romans, we have no doubt, found their occupation of Britain far from satisfactory: they existed here in a constant state of warfare with the people; still there were immense seats of Roman power, grandeur, and influence. By the peculiar constitution of Roman colonization, Roman soldiers and Roman citizens must have settled here, while British soldiers were employed in other colonies or in Rome. York, for a long period, was Roman; emperors died there, were buried there; Constantine was born there; the Roman roads, we know, stretched across the whole country. York must have been a kind of Northern Pompeii. The remains of Roman baths and theatres, and their rich tessellated pavements, are common amongst us. We preserve with certainty Roman names, principally in our topography, like Chester, perhaps the most common of all Roman names; but how undetectable now is the influence of the Roman people, even upon our character. As to our language, the presence of the Latin element says nothing, since it has, of course, received the contributions of the Church of the Middle Ages, and of all scholars even since: thus these two elements stand in immediate contrast with each other. The Celtic, by its isolation, its separation from us, as the element of the conquered, is easily descried and defined; the Latin which was as surely here, is scarcely, as an ethnological element, detectable at all, unless we confuse (which does not certainly lighten the difficulty) the Norman and the Latin elements in our pedigree. No doubt, with reference to the former, the Norman element, some confusion does obtain. Dr. Nicholas is far from the first to teach us that the Normans were not all Northmen, and that probably, even certainly, there was a large intermixture of the Celtic element in the multitudes who came over with the Conqueror; that element was derived from the Britons. It is not in any foolish spirit of nationality



that we reject the idea of England as conquered by the French. The mixture of races in France has very seldom been the subject of nice enquiry; the amalgamation of races and peoples there has been a much more recent and gradual work than their amalgamation and settlement beneath one government in England. In the time of the Conqueror, Normandy was a large independent feudatory, like Burgundy or Lorraine of later times, largely composed of the Northmen, the descendants of Rollo; but perhaps as largely composed of that subsoil of population, the Briton, which is one of the most interesting and independent elements of the Celtic stock of peoples, and from whom, probably, very early relations were established between them and their opposite shores of Cornwall, where still the relationship is distinctly traceable; but though altogether another root of influence than that we discover in the early British people and their descendants in Wales, so much seems undoubtedly to point to the fact of a large intermixture of the Celtic blood among the invaders beneath the banner of the Conqueror. Another element seems to have mixed, which looks neither like the Norman, properly so considered, and still less like the Celtic,—a Roman influence, probably partially derived from the Church, but interfiltrated from some Italian stem, which probably the conquests of Charlemagne, and the decaying power of the Roman empire, had introduced among the stronger peoples of Europe. The certainty of such an element existing is not to be lost sight of when we attempt to settle the pedigree of our nation. The writer illustrates the certain Celtic origin of many of the Norman names of the soldiers of Norman castles, or the bearers of William's banners.

The following are most probably all Celtic—as much so as Dynevor, Llanover, Powis, or Penmôn in Wales. Those situated in Contentin are specified.

Bertrand de <i>Dinand</i>	in Brittany.	(Dinan, from <i>din-as</i> , or <i>din-nant</i> .)
De <i>Briquebec</i> , Contentin,	( <i>brig</i> , top, summit, similar to <i>din</i> , <i>dun</i> , or <i>tor</i> . See farther on, on <i>Local Names</i> . (From this knight descend, by the female line, the Earls of Huntley and Dudley.	
De <i>Morville</i> ,	„	(Celt. <i>mor</i> , sea. Fr. <i>ville</i> , town: a town near the sea.)
De <i>Tourville</i> ,	„	(Celt. <i>twr</i> , <i>tor</i> , high place or fortress, as Tor-point, Tor-bay, Twr-gwyn, Hey Tor.)
De <i>Barnville</i> ,	„	(Celt. <i>barn</i> , judgment, award. So named as the castle or place where matters were decided. A court.)
De <i>Bolville</i> ,	„	Celt. <i>bol</i> , a round body, a hill or swelling in the surface of the earth, etc.)

De Cambernon, Contentin, Camber, Cimber, Cymro, are all of one derivation.

This name afterward changed into Chambernoun.

The first of the name in England settled at Madbury, Devon.

De Trely, „ (Celt. *tre*, an abode, settlement.) More than one baron of this name was settled in England. Present descendants not known.

De Carences „ (Celt. *caer*, a city, or fortress.) The Carbonels were owners of this castle, and came over with William, but probably afterwards returned.

De Mordrac „ (Celt. *mor*, sea.) One of this house, Henry Mordrac, was Archbp. of York.

Carrog „ From the Castle of Carrog (*Caerog*) came the Maresmenes. *Palgrage*.

De Tregoz „ (Celt. *tre*, an abode, settlement.) The lord of Tregoz appears as chief figure in all lists of the Conqueror's companions.

De Graigues „ (Celt. *Craig*, rock.) The Mordrac family held this castle. Fr. orthography, though not pronunciation, is faithful to the true etymology of this name.

De Canisy „ (Celt. *can*, *cain*, white, fair.) Hubert de Canisy was a prominent man in the conquest army.

From a multitude of names given in the old chroniclers—names which no Celtic scholar would be surprised to find in a list of Welsh or Cumbrian magnates—we have selected the following—all of whom are given as fighting under William's standards :—

Turbeville ( <i>twr</i> , <i>tor</i> ).	Coudre ( <i>coed</i> , wood, and <i>tre</i> ).
Gomer . . ( <i>Cimber</i> , <i>Cymro</i> ).	Tracy ( <i>tre</i> ).
St. Mor . ( <i>mor</i> , sea; or <i>mawr</i> , great).	Pynkensy . ( <i>pen</i> , head, end; <i>can</i> , or <i>cain</i> , fair, white)

Nerville . ( <i>ner</i> , lord).	Tornay . ( <i>twr</i> , <i>tor</i> ).
Penbri . ( <i>pen</i> , head; there is a Pemberi in Wales).	Bolbeke . ( <i>bol</i> , and <i>bychan</i> , small).

Talbot . . ( <i>tal</i> , high, head, and <i>bod</i> , habitation).	Turbemer ( <i>twr</i> , <i>tor</i> ).
Cantemor . ( <i>cant</i> , hundred, a district; <i>mawr</i> , large).	Caroun . ( <i>caer</i> , and perhaps <i>Iwan</i> or <i>Owen</i> ).

Tragod . . (*tre*, and *coed*, wood).

—Brompton's Chron.

(Rer. Anglican. Scriptor, Ed. Selden, i. 963.)

Tregos . . ( <i>tre</i> ).	Trivet . . ( <i>tre</i> , <i>tref</i> ).
Tregylly . ( <i>tre</i> , <i>gelli</i> , grove).	Tally . . ( <i>tal</i> , high, tall; <i>lle</i> , place).
Morteigne ( <i>mor</i> , <i>tain</i> , a plain).	
Corby . . ( <i>caer</i> ; or <i>cor</i> , a circle, and perh. the Norse <i>by</i> ).	Breton . . Same derivation as Britain and Briton.

Mortivans ( <i>mor</i> ).	Ry . . . ( <i>rhi</i> , chief, leader).
Turley . . ( <i>twr</i> , <i>tor</i> , and <i>lle</i> , place; or perh. <i>dwr</i> , water).	Thorny . . ( <i>twr</i> , or <i>tor</i> ).
	Glauncourt ( <i>glan</i> , margin; <i>cor</i> , circle).

Morley . . ( <i>mor</i> , and <i>lle</i> , place; a situation near the sea).	Kymarays ( <i>Cymro</i> , <i>Cimbri</i> ).
	Tourys . . ( <i>twr</i> , <i>tor</i> ; or <i>dwr</i> , water, and perh. <i>Ry</i> or <i>Rys</i> ).

Kyriel . . ( <i>caer</i> ).	
Duraunt . ( <i>dwr</i> , water).	Doreny ( <i>dwr</i> , water, river).

*Howel* . . (Cymric proper name) . *Rysers* . . (*rhi*, or *Rys*, prop. n.).  
—From *Leland*.

(Collectan. de reb. Brit. Ed. Hearne i. 206.)

Alas, then, in many cases for the pride of pure Norman descent!

These questions are all interesting as they arise; but, we are afraid, that of spots likely to present any satisfaction in ethnological research, England, or Great Britain, is about the last. We have been usually disposed rather to find interest in the analysis either of Celtic ethnology, or ethnography, from the light they give to their anterior relations, as guiding to some clear views of the Eastern origin of the Celtic people, and their relation to certain families of the East. This retrospective aspect, however, would scarcely satisfy the learned and industrious author of the volume before us; he is desirous rather of showing how widely the Celtic mind spreads out as the subsoil of the whole English language, life, and character; and, to any readers interested in this department of study, we will be bold to say no other volume furnishes so large and easily accessible a storehouse of curious fact and interesting information. It is astonishing, however, that so soon as we begin to look with tolerable distinctness at any primeval people, we find what seemed a simple race separates into different tribes, an earlier and a later race; thus the Celt of Dr. Nicholas is suspected to be a later and intrusive population, probably bearing some such relation to the original tribe as the Anglican to the Saxon. It is but a shadowy knowledge we can obtain of these ancient tribes; in the absence of historic record, it is but a shadowy knowledge we possess of the early migrations of any people. The argument which elucidates such relations is usually a circuitous one: there must be a boring, as for an artesian, well, through depth after depth of paleontological research; thus Dr. Nicholas says, "An impenetrable veil hangs over the progenitors of the Romans, search for them from what quarter we may." There are scholars, however, who would place themselves at issue with him on this matter. It is sufficient, however, for the argument of Dr. Nicholas, that the Celtic does obtain to a very large degree amongst us; for the reasons we have already assigned, we doubt whether the element is so distinctly to be recognised as even the instances cited by our author would seem to imply. With the enthusiasm of a Welshman, and a Welshman living in Wales, and surrounded by that astonishing literature which a Welsh scholar is always ready and able to pour upon the ears of any inquiries into the subject, it is not wonderful that our author should apparently over-state his argument. Suppose some Norman, Saxon, Scandinavian, or Anglican enthusiast had at-



tempted to compile such a volume, it is pretty certain that, upon either argument, he would have compiled just such a volume as that before us ; very plainly demonstrating that the whole life, mind, character, and language of our country had been chiefly indebted to the language or the people he had made the subject of his literary explorations and energies. This is not said for a moment to depreciate either the interest or the importance of the work of Dr. Nicholas. There is little generosity, or justice either, in the way in which we in this country treat our Welsh friends. The *Athenæum* and other such papers, of course, indulge their annual laughter at the meetings of the Eisteddfod ; yet it surely is as reasonable that Welsh poets and scholars and men of science should meet together to talk in their way, in their poor little country, over things interesting to it and to them, as that we should assemble either for the purposes of a British association or a race-course, both of which are allowed to have their gatherings without provoking much laughter or scorn. In fact, although there are writers who tell us they desire to hear the last of the Celtic language, or Welsh, with all its literature, there are others to whom it is one of the most interesting repertoires of myth and ancient fable, of historic allusion, imaginative force and fervour, and, what is perhaps more to the purpose, of philological lore. The Eisteddfod is not without interest in the recollection of the immense antiquity to which it looks back ; long before royal societies or British associations had any existence, we have, for instance, lying before us, the account of its meetings held in days when kings were wont to be its presidents, and when its gatherings were the great occasions for the meeting of swords and harps, warriors and bards. We think Welshmen should receive a little forgiveness, if some of them, perhaps even with childish simplicity, remember these things, and, in the departure of the substance, seek to preserve the shadow of the old fame.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has, with his wonted valorousness, stepped forth to vindicate the Welshman, and he gives us some idea of the stores of Welsh literature when he tells us that the "Myvyrain, manuscripts alone, now deposited in the British Museum, amount to forty-seven volumes of poetry, of various sizes, containing about 4,700 pieces of poetry, in 16,000 pages, besides about 2,000 Englydion, or epigrammatic stanzas ; there are also, in the same collection, fifty-three volumes of prose, in about 15,300 pages." These were purchased from the widow of the celebrated Owen Jones, the compiler and editor of those huge volumes, the *Myvyrain Archaeology*, which we wish with all our hearts Dr. Nicholas or some Welsh scholar would translate for us into English. Very few of those who

sneer at the Welsh language and literature have any idea of it; its prevalence is not favourable to money making, and, before the mighty interests of the nineteenth century, stock exchanges and such-like, it will no doubt have to go down, carried away, buried, and lost, among the diffts and deltas of forgotten lores. Unfortunately the determination to overcome it as a living language, to prevent its being taught in schools or spoken in pulpits, leads to literature injustice towards it, and towards all belonging to it; and its peculiarities, as a primeval language, and its stores of imaginative old literature are treated with the same contempt as awaits it when we hear it spoken among the villages and mountains: for this reason, we are disposed to receive with more than ordinary deference any work which seeks to put the merits of the Celtic mind upon a fair foundation, and to trace the undoubted influence it has exercised on our language, as well as to define with some degree of distinctness its place in the earliest period of our history. There is in this simple literary justice, while, as we have before remarked, we cannot accept all our author's teachings as exactly of the same weight he would assign to them. That the Celtic mind was a mind of considerable grandeur and intelligence has not been sufficiently admitted: plenty of evidence illustrates this. The remains of that mind are with us to this day, in mysterious stone, which are wrapt in a cloud of mystery more impervious than the tombs of Etruria, of Nineveh, or of Karnac. Fragments of strange, wild poetry, proverb, and philosophy come floating down to us. They evidently had considerable acquaintance with many of the arts of civilized life; they coined money; they had a government. Before the arts of war of the wild bearded men, the Roman found he needed all his strategy and strength.

When Dr. Nicholas claims the Picts as a branch of the Cymry, we suppose he is aware that it can be scarcely considered a settled question, and that their Scandinavian origin is, according to many authorities, as tenable as the other; nor does the argument gain by their incorporation: they were a still wilder people; while the true Ancient Briton seems, like many of the peoples of the great stone ages, to have advanced some distance on the road of refinement. The author says,—

That the arts of life had been considerably developed among the Ancient Britons has been very unexpectedly illustrated within recent years by the opening of barrow-tombs. Proofs of skill in the manipulation of pottery are found in drinking cups, incense dishes, cinerary urns, of graceful forms, found in these sacred receptacles. Gold ear-rings, ornaments of amber set in gold, beads of curious

construction have been discovered. The bossed shields, the flat circular shields with metal coatings in the Goodrich Court Collection, and the celebrated golden breast-plate, embossed with beautiful figuring, discovered near Mold, all testify to superior knowledge in the metallic arts.

We agree with him, then, it was not possible such a people could be entirely extirpated. "Failing of victory in the field, they would conquer for themselves a position in the new community arising from the ruins of their own political and social existence, united to the materials brought in by their conquerors. To destroy them bodily was impossible. Their expatriation, we know, was not contemplated; Rome only wanted their tribute."

The work before us is one of real scholarship, so far as it refers to the subject in which its author has so enthusiastic an interest, and is, in fact, a storehouse of new and interesting etymologies on the Celtic side of our language; indeed, we have found this to be the most interesting department of the volume. The analysis of the Celtic element in our language, and this divided into Celtic words in the English dictionary, Celtic words in the living dialects of England, and Celtic words once found in the written English, but now wholly discontinued. The author says, "In the nooks and corners, and over the wide plains of our country are tens of thousands of people, whose scanty vocabulary contains hundreds of vocables which the columns of no standard dictionary have ever contained; and amongst these are numerous remains, pure and genuine, as chips of diamond, of the ancient British tongue." Dr. Nicholas selects principally, in illustration of this, from the dialects of Lancashire and Cumberland; he would have served his argument better by travelling farther from the Welsh borders. There is no doubt that local names, too, have a most enduring power, and survive long after the association which gave the name has passed away. We do not think of the tile-yard where the children of Lutitia, or old Paris, burnt their tiles or bricks, when we look upon the Tuilleries; nor do we think of the loam-hithe, or loam viilage, as we pass by the palace of Lambeth; May-fair does not recall the rustic annual London Merry-making; nor Covent Garden, the garden of the Convent; nor the Strand, the walk by the banks of the river. Names everywhere are singularly beautiful, and appropriate, and usually permanent. To again quote Dr. Nicholas, who says in an eloquent passage,—

And yet, notwithstanding all this, local names have a life almost indestructible—*monumentum aere perennius*. They survive the lapse



of millenniums of years, and like the statue of Memnon, the Sphinx, or the Pyramids, look calmly down on the stream of coming and vanishing nations that passes by, without themselves seeming to partake in the universal change. They are more stationary than even hills and mountains. The language they once belonged to has altogether, except the parts which they themselves formed of it, vanished, may be, from the earth, the busy multitudes who articulated its sounds have all been long forgotten and no other memorial of their existence remains,—but there, faithful to the trust reposed in them, like sentries at their posts, after thousands of years of service, stand those significant and well-chosen epithets, proffering to the modern student a clue at once to the speech and race, the migrations and era, of those who placed them there. From breezy mountain tops, from gurgling streams, from haunted ruins of once majestic temples and more majestic cities—the spirit of a forgotten race speaks to men of the present time, and tells them who, and what sort of people, first called those mountains, rivers, and cities their own, and gave them names corresponding to their nature, as Adam is said to have done to the creatures of new creation.

He applies this statement to his argument with a great deal of interest, and, of course, in fixing the ethnological value of local names, whether topographical or individual, although he regards surnames as a modern invention, he finds a large contribution to his argument. Whatever degree of value readers may be disposed to attach to his conclusions, we feel persuaded they will thank him for this, which seems to be a favourite department of his study; in fact, the contributions of philology to the workmanship of the author. He says he does not propose to show the relations of the English language to all the Indo-European tongues; his task is only to show how far the Ancient Britons have entered into the body of the people now called English; and, by making it manifest that the language of the Ancient Britons has permeated the speech now spoken by the English people, he supposes a presumptive proof is obtained, that the blood of the former has to a greater or lesser extent tinged the blood of the latter; meantime, he thinks it not necessary to touch upon the affinity of the English to Sanscrit, or the Cymbric to Sanscrit; but Dr. Nicholas does not need us to remind him that it would still remain a question how far many of the words he cites may seem to have a relation to the ancient British, or to some other earlier or later wave of those great streams of Eastern people which have poured in upon our shores. It is quite certain that we derive many words from the Sanscrit and Persian immediately through the Teutonic element, or Saxon, more immediately than through the Celtic; like the word *daughter*,—Persian, *Dukhtar*; Gothic, *Dauhtar*; German,

*Tochter.* In any case, such features of language are not merely interesting; they are very important, and the writer very truly says,—

When we pass from the evanescent grammatical features of a language to its lexical materials, the ground seems to become solid. *Words*, in their substance, though, it may be, not in their inflexional modes, are permanent. Of the language of to-day, they are as genuine parts as they were of the same a thousand years ago, and passing under various modifications into its divided dialects, and by degrees into separate languages, still continue unequivocal mementoes of a past connection and relationship of these languages amongst themselves. They are like stones which, once dug from a particular rock, and wrought into a particular temple, have passed in the course of successive ages into edifices of different styles and purposes—triumphal arches, amphitheatres, monasteries, churches, fortifications, asylums—and at each exchange of locality and service, have passed under the mason's chisel into a new form, but throughout have retained, in what remains of them, their original body, stratification, and quality, and may be compared by the geologist with rocks of the same stratum from any part of the globe.

The probability to Dr. Nicholas, therefore, is, that an immense amalgamation took place in the races, or, where this was not the case, that the Celt was left in quiet, undisturbed possession of whole regions of territory; and upon this topic of his subject he certainly advances one of the boldest hypotheses we ever remember to have seen advanced by an ethnologist; we do very respectfully say we admire and marvel at its audacity. This is none other than that the great region of Lancashire was, until very recently,—that is, since it has become such an amazing emporium of manufactories and commerce—all but entirely Welsh. The dythrambics of the Eisteddfod are nothing to this. We must allow Dr. Nicholas to state his hypothesis in his own way.

Of the manner in which the fallen race was sometimes disposed of we have a curious and instructive instance about the end of the seventh century. Egfrid, king of Northumbria, makes a grant of the district of Cartmel, "*with the Britons thereupon*, to the See of Lindisfarne." Cartmel is in Furness, Lancashire. The inhabitants of Lancashire at the date of this summary and pious transaction (A.D. 685) seem therefore to have been Britons, and it moreover appears that when an Anglo-Saxon King obtained the power of absolute disposal of the whole body of the inhabitants of a district, he exercised that power, not by their extermination, not by their consignment to perpetual and degrading servitude, but by bestowing them as a holy gift upon the Mother Church, thus handing them over to the best protection then existing, and conferring upon them what



doubtless in that age would be deemed the greatest honour a subject race could receive.

Of the number and position of the aborigines in *Lancashire* about this period very little is known; nearly as much obscurity hangs over this great region as over the Eastern shores. So quiet, and perhaps so thinly peopled was it, that a few scattered notices of the slightest description is all that is vouchsafed to it for five or six hundred years after the Roman occupation of it ceased. The above account of the donation of the Britons of Cartmel is by far the most important of all the pieces of information received. The *Saxon Chronicle* just makes a passing allusion in the year 923: "King Edward went with his forces to Thelwall (Cheshire), and commanded the town to be built, and occupied, and manned; and commanded another force, also of Mercians, the while that he sat there, to *take possession of Manchester*, in Northumbria, and repair and man it." Manchester was nominally in Northumbria; but it was in a state of ruin without garrison. The fortress had probably been left to crumble ever since the Romans occupied it.

Thus was a district one day destined to be the centre of the manufacturing and commercial world—the most densely peopled, most industrious, wealthiest of all parts of industrious England, allowed to rest as a land of solitudes and silence. The Britons scattered over it were few, and the soil unproductive; so that the conquerors of Northumbria, though claiming jurisdiction over it, allowed its inhabitants to go and come pretty much as they listed. No one dreamed of the exhaustless treasures which lay under its moorlands. No one saw through the mists of the future the gathering of the peoples of all lands to partake of and multiply its wealth. For eight or nine centuries it was the most neglected by our chroniclers of all the counties of England. We think it may be inferred from this that Lancashire, and parts adjoining, were left in the quiet possession of the Ancient Britons, and that, therefore, until the late influx under the guidance of manufacturing enterprise, the mass of the inhabitants was of that race.

In spite of its boldness, this is a very interesting passage; but there are no facts, even of the order on which Dr. Nicholas most likes to insist, to sustain the ideas. He has introduced, as we have shown, some Lancashire words having a strong affinity to the Celtic; but they are very few. Meantime, the native dialects of Lancashire are very distinct. They have recently acquired, from the researches of those who have explored our provincialism, great interest and importance. It is certain, they are the tongues which have been spoken here for centuries; they have no relationship to the Celtic, any more than the Lancashire character, or the Lancashire physiognomy, have a relation to the inhabitants of the mountains of Wales. It was to be expected that on the borders of Cheshire there would be



considerable approaches and resemblances; but among the mountains and more inland parts of Lancashire, to which the ancient dwellers or exiles would retreat, there can be found no traces to justify such an hypothesis. As to the mystery which shrouds their origin, little doubt, we think, can be entertained that they belong to the great Northumbrian—that is, Scandinavian—stock; and the country round about Cartmell, which our author especially cites, would more especially illustrate this by the prevalence of words undoubtedly Scandinavian.

Dr. Nicholas has produced a very suggestive and interesting book. The literature is already so considerable upon this matter, ranges over so wide a surface, has been discussed by so many erudite writers, who have made it, and its bearing upon collateral subjects, almost the labour of their lives, that it cannot be supposed our author either exhausts the subject, or adds much to the knowledge we already possess upon it. He has travelled over a world of volumes, and has gathered a very large store of information, which will make his work well worthy of a place by the side of even some of the more original labourers in the same field. With every disposition to treat with great respect the productions and the influence of the Celtic mind, it seems to us certain that he has over-stated his question, and very considerably. He seems to have had his eye fixed only on one stream of the Celtic mind, the ancient British, and has supposed that all we should call Celtic has been derived from thence. A wider view would have modified his theory; digging a little more deeply, he would have been brought into relation, perhaps, with the Celtic and Belgic people, and again with the Celtic and Cymbric people; indeed, what measure of Celtic relationship we have is touched from many sources, as we know the Germans, or Teutons, reached our shores from the North, the East, and the South; so also the earlier peoples, who seem to have constituted the allophylian or aboriginal races, reached us by successive waves at different epochs, rolling in on various portions of our coasts. They occupied probably a large European surface before they made acquaintance with our shores; and when the Roman and Saxon invaders came, far from being exterminated, no doubt, in most instances they mingled with those spots in the population where the immense tribes poured, or, as we know, retired into those regions, wild and untraversable, where for ages they held a comparatively peaceful and obscure existence. The greatness of our nation, we believe with our author, greatly to consist in its variety of race; but when the question arises as to the predominance of Celt, or Teuton, in spite of our author's huge volume to the contrary, we cannot but think the whole tide of

facts bear in favour of the Teutons. Whole regions of our country were never, in any sense of population, Ancient British at all; the people were so sparsely spread, their ways were so undiscovered and unknown: the immense tract of Northumbria, which included all the counties of the North, was very much of this description. Still more it surprises us to see Dr. Nicholas challenging an appeal to the comparison of Welsh and English physiognomies, skull, hair, the architecture of the body, and the mental and moral character. We are quite unable to find these analogies. We find a substantial difference between the Celtic and German people; and a review of the nation, its various dialects, its physiognomies, its manners and customs, legends and traditions,—in a word, its whole folk-lore,—compels us to the belief that we are far more largely Teutonic than Celtic. At the same time, we thank Dr. Nicholas heartily for a very learned, painstaking, suggestive, and often eloquent book. We may accept it as a valuable contribution to our folk-lore, while we are only able to receive its theory with large modifications.

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## VII.

## OUR BOOK CLUB.

AN interesting book is *The Story of a Blind Inventor, being some account of the Life and Labours of Dr. James Gale, M.A., F.G.S., F.C.S., by John Plummer, (William Tweedie)*, and would have been more interesting still, had the author not chosen to interrupt the continuity of his narrative of the life of the blind inventor, by introducing matter not necessary to a right understanding of what Dr. Gale lost in losing his eyesight, or what he did when totally blind. Thus Mr. Plummer mars the beauty of his story in one place by giving us an extract from Dr. Wilson's *Five Gateways of Knowledge*, on the formation and functions of the eye, which to us appears quite unnecessary, as most readers must be familiar with both the structure and use of that organ; this same fault occurs in several other portions of the work; yet, in spite of this blemish, the book is full of interest, and the life of Dr. Gale is well worthy of preservation in some memorial. His career is one Dr. Kitto would have incorporated in his little work on the *Lost Senses* as an additional instance, illustrative of the amazing ingenuity displayed by those whom accident or providence have deprived of the blessing of sight. The boyhood of Dr. Gale was passed amidst the glorious scenery of Devonshire, which he learned passionately to love; and when the time arrived in which he was unable any longer to gaze upon its beauties, he delighted to recall to the eye of his spirit the lovely scenes his memory had treasured up. His was a merry and healthy boyhood; many were the pranks he played in those years; and although always eager for a game of play, or a ramble among the woods and hills, he was no less eager in his desire for knowledge; hence, at first he bitterly deplored his loss of sight, and was nearly guilty of committing suicide in the anguish his loss occasioned him. After a time the acuteness of his distress wore off, and he resigned himself to the inevitableness of his lot, and determined to bear his affliction with a manly and cheerful fortitude, and, in spite of his blindness, to endeavour to accomplish some good in the world; and all who read the pages of this book will be able to ascertain what Dr. Gale actually achieved in the way of invention, and also how successful he was in



founding an institution for the instruction and employment of the blind; it was owing to his courage, energy, and perseverance that the large and flourishing institution for the blind of South Devon and Cornwall was founded. In course of time Mr. Gale married, and, entering into partnership with his father, became a thorough and energetic man of business, taking the practical management of a large manufactory; and he would at times travel about the United Kingdom, collecting the debts of the firm, in which he always succeeded without any mistake ever occurring on any one single occasion. When he had successfully triumphed over every difficulty, in his attempts to render gunpowder non-explosive, he had the honour and satisfaction of exhibiting the results of his success before the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Mount Edgecombe, and afterwards received an invitation to pay a visit to Windsor, and exhibit his experiments before the Queen. The success of his inventions was undoubted; whether tested on a small scale or an extensive one, the same results followed, and nothing remains but to turn the invention to a practical use.

Throughout the pages of this work of Mr Plummer's there are many instances given of the peculiar and striking power of the sensitiveness in feeling, and touch, and hearing which Mr. Gale exhibited in common with many others afflicted like himself. We quote one illustration of this power. "On one occasion, returning, in company with several other persons, in a carrier's van, from Plymouth to Tavistock, one dark night, Gale suddenly told the driver that the horses had missed their way, and that they were on the wrong road; that, in fact, they were proceeding in the direction of Dartmoor instead of Tavistock. The driver, however, merely laughed at Gale's remonstrance. How could a blind person know whether the vehicle was on the right road or not? The idea was preposterous, and so he chuckled the louder, and waxed bolder in his rebuffs. But Gale insisted that they were not on the Tavistock road, and proffered, if the others would wait for him, to get down in the dark, and find the right road for them. It should here be mentioned that after reaching Roborough Down, about six miles from Tavistock, the road divides in three, the centre road leading to Tavistock, and that on the right leading towards Dartmoor, so that on a dark night an experienced traveller might naturally be led to mistake the proper route, especially as there were no hedges or buildings near to act as land-marks. At first, the carrier, somewhat irate that his experience should be questioned by a blind passenger, demurred to Gale's proposal; but the other

“occupants of the vehicle, becoming somewhat uneasy, insisted that an attempt should be made for the purpose of ascertaining whether they were on the proper road or not. Accordingly, Gale descended, his first act after which being to turn his face in the direction in which they had come, and to utter a low, peculiar murmuring cry. Listening attentively for a few seconds, he heard the sound faintly echoed from a rock or two which he knew to be situated on Roborough Down, thereby confirming the accuracy of his suspicions. He next turned partially round, and with his feet felt carefully for the junction of the Down with the edge of the road. This gained, he proceeded steadily onward until he arrived at the acute angle formed by the junction of the road with that leading to Tavistock. The occupants of the van were apprised of Gale’s discovery, the route was retraced, and in due time the passengers arrived safely at their appointed destination, instead of finding themselves proceeding in a contrary direction. Now the question arises, how did Gale know that the proper road had been deviated from? The reason given by him is simple enough. The *sounds* occasioned by the vehicle in passing over the Dartmoor Road were unlike those with which he was familiar when travelling on the Tavistock Road; hence his apprehension of the mistake committed by the carrier.” Indeed, it would appear that in proportion as one sense is lost, the others gain in intensity; hence the reason why we see so many blind persons quickly and unhesitatingly thread their way in and out among the crowds of our London streets; many are the instances which could be quoted of the acuteness of hearing serving all the purposes of eyes to the blind. Dr. Gale is still alive, and actively engaged in prosecuting his scientific studies, and in forwarding the interests of his blind institution. Seldom does it fall to the lot of the blind to lead so active and useful a life as that which Mr. Plummer has here recorded, the work deserves to be widely circulated and read, illustrating, as it eminently does, that one of the most painful of all afflictions can never be an effectual hindrance in withholding us from the accomplishment of good for others.

A VERY thoughtful and suggestively practical book is *Practical Essays on Education*. By Thomas Markby, M.A. Strahan and Co. The volume contains five essays on “Public Schools,” “University Extension,” “Athletics,” “The Education of Women,” and, “Cambridge Examinations,” each one of which is worthy of a very careful perusal by all to whom

education is a subject of interest, and who are eager to receive any hints and valuable suggestions towards its more effectual and efficient working. Mr. Markby appears thoroughly to understand what he is writing, and enters into his subject with a grave earnestness which ought to command a favourable and thoughtful examination of what he has to say upon this all-important question; he appears to be thoroughly acquainted with the past and present economy of our large public schools, and states in clear, and at times even forcible, language what he has to say concerning them; indeed, this article will convey to the reader some very interesting facts in relation to the working of our great national schools, especially with regard to their internal or domestic arrangements; and in the second part of the essay, while fully appreciating the advantages to be derived from a sound knowledge of the classics, he deplors the absence of any attempt at the cultivation of our own national literature. Our author is an earnest advocate for the education of women, and also attempts to vindicate the past generations of men and women from the charge of being indifferent with regard to the education of the female mind, and cites many instances and arguments to prove that considerations for the cultivation of the feminine intellect are not the sole growth of the present age, but were very prevalent, as we suppose our readers well know, in ages long past. Mr. Markby has written a sober, reasonable, and very *practical* volume of essays, and we hope the work will be carefully studied, and the author's views meet with the reception they are worthy of receiving.

WE have received *The Hymns of Denmark*, translated by Gilbert Tait. Strahan and Co. We would not judge harshly of these translations, but assuredly Mr. Tait does not appear to have been very happy in his manipulation of Danish hymns; although in his preface he informs us that he has "selected those which appeared to combine in the largest degree "religious fulness and lyrical fervour." We are inclined to think that in many instances the translator has fallen short of his intention. Some of the hymns seem wanting in that "lyrical fervour" of which he speaks, while at times the words used obscure and confuse the meaning of the original writer; thus, in the hymn entitled *The Grace of God*, in the second verse we have the following peculiar expression:—

Before temptation I am frail;  
Me sins, a countless host, assail.

Again, in the hymn entitled *The God of Mercy*, we meet with



the following singular adaptation, which occurs in the last line of the final verse :—

Me, a sinner, Thou dost save.  
In Christ's high and holy name ;  
And Thy bosom is the grave,  
Burying my sorrow, shame,

Still, many of the hymns are very sweet and beautiful, and embody rich experiences in the love of, and trust and confidence in, God. Take the following as an illustration of one of the best the volume contains :—

Life's bitter trials, earth's despair,  
The darkest sorrows, crush me not ;  
To Thee my weight of woe I bear,  
Great God, Thou guardian of my lot.  
My bosom finds in Thee alone  
Its grandest strength, its sweetest balm ;  
And sheltered by Thy mighty throne,  
I conquer—I am brave and calm.  
I know Thy mercy changeth pain  
To joy and blessedness and peace ;  
All worldly loss is holy gain,—  
A rapture that can never cease.  
With thanks I taste Thy bounteous store,  
Though oft my cross may heavy be ;  
I, like a little child, adore,  
For Thou, my Father, leadest me.  
Bright hope sustains and comforts all  
Who seek Thee, Lord, in faithfulness ;  
Not cruel death can them appal,  
Nor make their mystic transport less.  
O Father, I shall ever praise  
Thy wisdom, Thy salvation great ;  
With voice eternal as Thy days  
Proclaim Thou are compassionate.

We have no doubt many readers will find pleasure and refreshment in reading and musing over the experiences evinced in these hymns, and be able to echo the words of adoring love which appears to have filled the hearts of several of the writers. The volume, we fear, will prove but a slight addition to our already rich store of hymns.

**THIS**, *Lake Victoria: a Narrative of Explorations in Search of the Source of the Nile*, compiled from the *Memoirs of Captains Speke and Grant*, by George C. Swayne, M.A. (William Blackwood & Sons), is a most readable book. Its principal fault consists in its brevity ; its various incidents are too rapidly sketched. The compiler has not allowed himself sufficient scope, so as to be able to indulge—with some few exceptions—in the necessary amount of detail requisite to make the volume one of permanent

interest and value. However, in spite of this defect, the work will command attention, and will be read with pleasure by a large class of readers to whom this species of literature always proves attractive. Mr. Swayne appears to have studied the various notes and diaries of Captains Speke and Grant very thoroughly; the task of compilation has, apparently, been undertaken in a spirit of love and admiration for the men whose courage and actions he records rather than for the sole object of "making" a book; however that may be, the result is a clear, rapid, and succinct narrative of the many exploring expeditions assisted or undertaken and accomplished by Captain Speke, in his laudable attempts to discover the source of the Nile. The volume abounds with sketches of society and life far removed from the influence of European civilization, with descriptions of courts into whose sacred precincts no white men had ever before penetrated, in descriptions of customs and manners, both novel and singular, and in incidents of hunting and adventure, both humorous and exciting. On one occasion, Captain Speke "had made the hippopotami very savage by firing at them "when the tide had run out, and only some pools and reaches were "left them to develop their energies in. A large female glided "under water to the stern of the canoe, and gave it such a lusty "cant with her head or withers, that the end of the boat "shot up into the air, and sent Speke sprawling on his back, with "his legs forced up by the seat, while the polesman and the big "double gun were driven like shuttlecocks right and left into the "air. The gun plumped into the middle of the stream, while the "man alighted stern foremost on the back of the excited pachyderm, but soon scrambled back into the canoe. The she-hippopotamus charged again, but was quieted by the reserve gun." The following is a tradition accounting for the origin and degradation of the Seedis caste: "Mahomet, whilst travelling from "Mecca to Medina, one day happened to see a widow woman "sitting before her house, and asked her how she and her three "sons were; upon which she was troubled, for she had hidden "one of them, lest Mahomet, as is customary when there are "three males of a family present, should seize him to do portage. 'Very well,' she said; 'but I have only two sons.' "To which Mahomet replied, 'Woman, thou liest; thou hast "three sons, and for trying to conceal it, this is my decree: the "two boys thou hast not hidden shall increase and multiply, "have fair faces, and rule over the earth; but the progeny of the "third shall be Seedis, as black as darkness, who will be sold in "the market like cattle, and remain in perpetual bondage to the "descendants of the other two.'" There are many more pleas-

ing legends in the volume, and facts illustrative of social savage life, and also illustrative of the wide fields lying open, ready for missionary and commercial enterprise.

WE are glad to receive a more ambitious effort in the way of fiction, from Mr. de Liefde, than we believe he has yet attempted, in *The Beggars (Les Gueux)*; or, *the Founders of the Dutch Republic. A Tale. By J. B. de Liefde.* (Hodder & Stoughton.) The author has chosen a fine field for the subject of his story, the epoch of the actions made so familiar to us in Dr. Motley's first work, the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. The Beggars, as our readers scarcely need to be informed, was an order of rough and ready patriots of that time of dreadful persecution and strife, like the Knights of the Spoon of Geneva, or the Knights of the Stocking of Venice, who were, however, of aristocratic orders; the Beggars rather resembled the followers of the "Clouted Spoon" of Germany, although they mingled the noble with the popular elements. The term, as the designation of a party, originated in an expression of Berlaymont, the confidant of the Duchess of Parma, when she was waited on by a respectful, yet warlike, and somewhat haughty, deputation of the nobles of the Netherlands, in the early days of the struggle. The Duchess was impressed by their brave appearance. Berlaymont said to her, in a tone of deep disdain, "Of what, Madame, should you be afraid? these are but a troop of beggars." The expression was heard by several of the deputation; and that night, when they were all assembled at the palace of Count Louis of Nassau, waiting for the message in reply to the deputation from the Duchess, then regent of the Netherlands, an evasive answer came. Seated round the table, perhaps heated with wine, when the cloth had been removed, the eloquent and witty host told his assembled guests by what name they had been called. Then, as his speech reached its climax and close, his cup-bearer handed to him a wooden bowl, such as was used by mendicants; he filled it with wine to the brim, and then exclaiming, "*Vivent les Gueux!*" (Long live the Beggars), he handed it to his neighbour; and so, amidst shouts and roars of applause, it passed round the table; it became the battle-cry on one side, and the taunt of contempt on the other, while some of the noblest, like Counts Egmont and Horn, did not disdain to range themselves beneath the designation. It became especially the sign of communion between vast multitudes of freebooting marauding men, who were, by the necessities of the times, thrown upon a life of outlawry. Such is the circumstance explanatory of the title of Mr. de Liefde's story. It was a period



which cannot be called to the imagination without suggestions of wild and, to quiet times, almost inconceivable adventure, vehement passions of varied orders elicited in strong conflict, the time when the Holy Inquisition was in league with the most insane and atrocious despotism, and both alike against the efforts of civil and religious liberty. Mr. de Liefde tells his story, and develops his various characters in such a manner as to sustain the interest of his readers, fully enlivening it with happy strokes of description of the old towns and their brave inhabitants, a pervading tone of those truths of the human soul in which all best interests are involved, in frequent settings of poetry, humour, and, what is inevitable to the picture of such times, exciting terror. It is a fine book to whet the appetite of a noble-hearted youth for an acquaintance with the full history of one of the noblest chapters in the records of our race. We congratulate the author on the success of this effort, and trust it may encourage him to go on in a department of fiction for which he is evidently well fitted.

A VERY graceful volume, and one likely to prove very acceptable to a large circle of surviving admirers, is *Hymns, written for the New Year's Morning Prayer-meetings in Great George Street Chapel. By the Rev. Thomas Raffles, D.D., LL.D. With a Preface by the Rev. James Baldwin Brown, B.A. (Jackson, Walford and Hodder)*. Many of the hymns of Dr. Raffles are well known. He had a quick pathetic nature, and much ease of versification. He would not have claimed for himself, nor would his friends claim for him, any eminent status either as poet or hymn-writer; but, with Mr. Baldwin Brown, in his brief but discriminating essay, we have no doubt "he had a real vein of music in his nature;" and this elegant album-like volume is a very happy and fitting memento over his tomb. We confess to surprise at the expression of a "prolific pen," as applied to Dr. Raffles; we have no knowledge of more than two or three works published by him, during his long life. With the exception of his *Letters from the Continent*, we believe he never published anything so considerable and attemptive as the work before us. Some verses like those *On the Sea*, give a very pleasing idea of a nature able to feel in the pulse of the great harmony, and to reproduce the impression, if not in the peal of the organ, with much of the melody of the flute.